

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 752



APRIL 26, 1884

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



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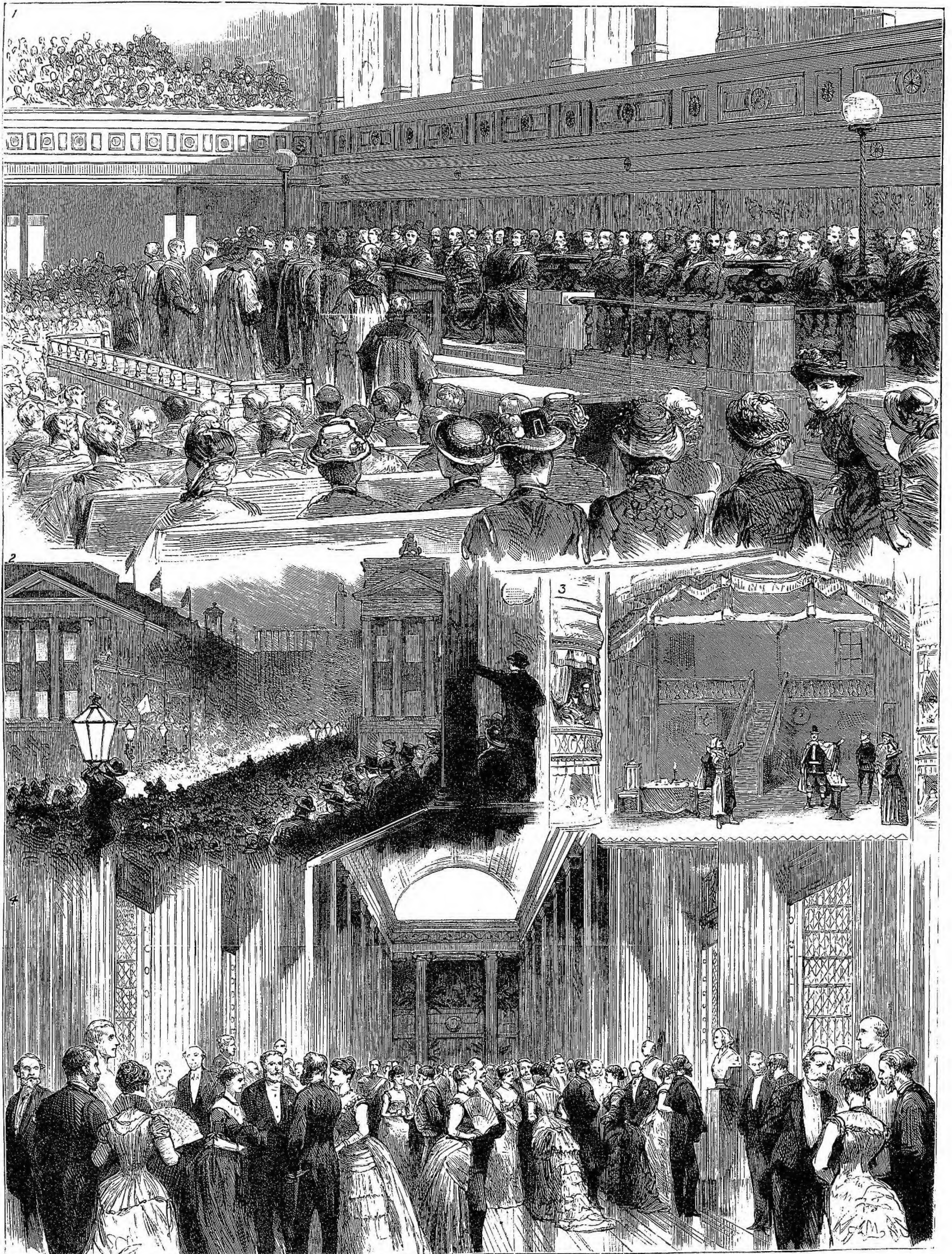
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 752.—VOL. XXIX.
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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1884

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
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1. In the United Presbyterian Hall: Conferring the Honorary Degrees in Divinity and Law.—2. Students' Torchlight Procession in Waterloo Place.—3. Dramatic Entertainment by the Students in the Theatre Royal: Scene from the "King o' Scots."—4. Conversazione in the Hall of the University Library.

THE COMMEMORATION AT EDINBURGH OF THE TERCENTENARY OF THE FOUNDATION OF THE UNIVERSITY

Topics of the Week

FRANCE AND EGYPT.—For some days it was confidently stated that a Conference upon Egyptian finance was about to be summoned. The announcement was premature, but the discussions to which it gave rise on the Continent are likely to be of considerable service both to Egypt and to England. Hitherto it has been assumed by those who have clamoured for the withdrawal of English troops from the Delta that if their advice were adopted the Egyptians would be left to work out their political destinies in their own way. Now it cannot be pretended that there is the slightest justification for this view; for the tone of the most influential French journals has shown distinctly that if England abandoned Egypt, her place there would be immediately taken by France. As long as we maintain our present supremacy, the French Government will not dispute our claims; but were England to abandon the task she voluntarily undertook, the Republic, with the cordial assent of all classes of Frenchmen, would be only too glad to find an opportunity of asserting its supposed rights. France has more than a merely sentimental interest in Egypt, and it would be unreasonable to expect that she would permit the country to fall into a state of utter anarchy. This is now pretty well understood in England, even by extreme Radicals; and the result, we may hope, will be that for some time we shall hear no more of the much-vaunted policy of "rescue and retire." Sir Wilfrid Lawson himself, we presume, would not say that Egypt ought to become a French dependency. He and those who have acted with him in this matter desire to see the Egyptian people independent; and independent they can never be unless England is prepared to establish—in reality if not in name—a provisional Protectorate.

A NEW FENIAN DEPARTURE.—There always has been, and there is still, a certain element of unreality and "make-believe" associated with Irish conspiracies. Were it not for this, there would be something comically incongruous in the idea of persons who are engaged in dark and murderous plots allowing themselves to be so readily interviewed by energetic Pressmen. How much truth there is in the revelations which are made on these occasions it is difficult to decide. It would be foolish to be too credulous, but on the other hand it may be still more foolish to be too incredulous. Connected with the Fenian movement there are no doubt a good many persons who are actuated almost entirely by motives of self-interest. Such persons will get up dynamite scares or organise explosions rather for the sake of stimulating the influx of subscriptions than of hastening the independence of Ireland. But if all the plotters were of this kidney, the movement would speedily collapse. Unfortunately, however, for our peace and quietness, the Fenians, Invincibles, or by whatever name they may be called, are by no means all humbugs. Sincere enthusiasts are comprised in their ranks, and some of these enthusiasts are really willing to risk life and liberty in the achievement of their aims. The conspirators are apparently by no means unanimous as regards the use of dynamite as an agent for stimulating the susceptibilities of stolid John Bull. Some would employ it to frighten, but not to kill. Mr. James Stephens, the hero of the 1867 conspiracy, is engaged in organising a new movement "destined to unite under one banner the Irish in Ireland and all over the world." He styles the dynamite outrages "cowardly, useless atrocities." This would be satisfactory news, if we could feel sure that Mr. Stephens was still a chief of commanding influence among the Nationalists. It is not easy for outsiders to get at the truth in such matters, but, judging from the analogies of other revolutionary movements, it is quite possible that Mr. Stephens is regarded as a respectable old fossil by the Irish patriots of 1884. We conclude as we have often concluded before. Unless they are brought to their knees by a crushing defeat, the people of this island will never consent to see Ireland torn away from the Empire; but, on the other hand, there is a feeling every day becoming stronger that Ireland (and not only Ireland, but the other sections of the United Kingdom) should have as much local independence as is compatible with the safety of the general interests of the British community.

PARLIAMENTARY REPORTING.—A leader in the *Times* of Tuesday began with the remark that, although business had been resumed in the House of Commons on the previous day, "The attendance of Members was scanty, and the proceedings of little public importance." Turning to the Parliamentary Report we find nearly ten columns of small print devoted to this unimportant business. The *Times* is now the only journal which regularly gives anything like a full report of the debates in Parliament, and one is tempted to ask for whose sake it is so lavish of its space? Doing its best it cannot publish the speeches of all debates *in extenso*; it is obliged to condense the remarks of Members who are not of the first calibre, and among these gentlemen there is continual grumbling at being mis-reported or insufficiently reported. On the other hand the public does not care to read the speeches of those whose utterances the *Times* judiciously prunes: were it otherwise

the penny daily papers would feel bound to report them. Considering that when a prosy Member delivers a long harangue he is never satisfied with the *Times* version of it, but sends a private and detailed report to the newspapers of his constituency, it would seem that the limited and discriminating system of reporting adopted by the penny dailies is really the best. When there has been a debate of genuine importance and interest, the public are glad to hear all about it; but on ordinary occasions a short summary certainly meets all requirements. Lord Beaconsfield had at one time an idea that the Tadpoles and Tapers might be pleased if a daily edition of the *London Gazette* were issued during the Session, with verbatim reports of the debates just as in the *French Journal Officiel*. A copy of this publication is sent gratis to every Senator and Deputy; but every Commune is required to buy a copy for its public library, and the paper, moreover, pays its expenses by means of advertisements. A *London Gazette* issued under such conditions might possibly promote the flow of talk in Parliament, but it would at least tend further to condense the Parliamentary Reports of all other journals, and leave more space for news and for articles of general interest.

GENERAL GORDON.—In his speech on Tuesday evening Lord Granville was obliged to admit that the mission of General Gordon has been in most respects a failure. There is nothing really surprising in this result; for, although Gordon is a man of extraordinary force of character, it was impossible that, by mere personal influence, he should overawe and reduce to order the turbulent elements in the Soudan. When he started for Khartoum, it ought to have been made known that in the last resort he would be vigorously supported; and the Government was warned by many advisers, both in England and on the Continent, that if this was not done its hopes would be disappointed. The Ministry, however, seems to have had an almost superstitious belief in Gordon's power, and he was permitted to depart without any definite pledge that if he were in serious peril an attempt would be made to rescue him. Even now Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues are strangely unwilling to do anything for the brave man who so heroically undertook to aid them in their time of need. They have persuaded themselves that for the present Khartoum is perfectly safe, and on this ground the Prime Minister declined on Tuesday to give an immediate answer to Mr. Bourke's question whether it is not "advisable to announce that a relief expedition will be sent as soon as the military authorities think it feasible." The temper of the country is very different from that of the Cabinet. Outside of Downing Street there is probably no one who does not hold that we are bound in honour to make every sacrifice that may be necessary for the security of a great and devoted public servant. Sooner or later this will be fully acknowledged by Mr. Gladstone; but, in the mean time, it is in the highest degree discreditable to him as a statesman that he has been so slow to recognise the real drift of national opinion.

THE EARTHQUAKE.—In these small islands of ours the forces of Nature are exerted with mildness. We are somewhat plagued with fogs and east winds, but how petty are such visitations compared with the tornadoes, the blizzards, and the hot blasts from interior deserts of other countries. Our thunderstorms and snowstorms are very humble affairs compared with what North America, for example, can show. And till Tuesday morning last the same might be said of our earthquakes. Earthquakes are by no means unknown, for upwards of two hundred visitations are recorded in these islands, and there is a district in Perthshire where such terrestrial quiverings are almost perpetual, but as a rule the convulsions have been very slight. But the shock of Tuesday morning in the Eastern Counties was, for a non-volcanic region, decidedly severe. Immense damage was done to property where the seismic current was strongest, and if the visitation had come during the night, it is probable that much greater injury to life and limb would have resulted. It is said that persons who have once experienced a genuine earthquake never again acquire a complete confidence in the stability of the ground on which they tread. We do not know whether this will hereafter be the feeling of the East Anglians, but it will probably disturb most of us from the comfortable sense of immunity in which we have hitherto indulged. If it be true, as men of science state, that London is just in the line between the two centres of volcanic activity in Iceland and the Mediterranean (there being evidently an underground sympathy between these two centres), it would be rash to assert the impossibility of such a disaster as that of Lisbon in 1755 visiting our own metropolis.

THE WELLINGTON STATUE.—It is a pity that the Wellington Statue at Hyde Park Corner was not left to be disposed of by the Chief Commissioner of Works, assisted by the Committee under the Prince of Wales. To have got up a Parliamentary debate and a party division over this matter at a moment when, as we are being constantly told, every minute of the legislative time is precious, was surely an absurdity. Before the statue was taken down everybody laughed at it; when once it had been removed from its undeserved eminence there was a unanimous cry, from artists and other people of taste, that the monstrosity should

be put out of sight; and the opinion that found most favour for a time was that it should go to the melting-pot. But now there has been a reaction, not among the public, but apparently among politicians, who object to Mr. Boehm for being a German; and, instead of seeing Hyde Park Corner transformed into a handsome place worthy of London, we are threatened with a restoration of the ugly mass of bronze which has been the laughing-stock of two generations. It is enough to make any Chief Commissioner throw up his hands and abandon all attempts to beautify the capital. Touching Mr. Boehm, however, it should be pointed out that the business of those who are responsible for the erection of monuments is to get these executed by the most competent hands, no matter whether they be English-born or not. Some may regret that the best reputed sculptor of horses should not bear an English name; but it is also to be remembered that commissions entrusted to eminent native artists have not always been executed either with the despatch or the industry which the public had reason to expect. The tomb of Wellington in St. Paul's remains unfinished. Landseer took a terribly long time over his four lions for the Nelson Column; and when at last these noble beasts were forthcoming, the public was not quite gratified to perceive that they were all four of exactly the same pattern, as if they had been turned out by machinery. This was not an encouraging precedent, and it quite justified those who wanted to put up a new Wellington Statue in giving their order to a gentleman who could be trusted to work both quickly and ably.

THE EDINBURGH TRICENTENARY.—The people of Edinburgh have every reason to be satisfied with the manner in which the three hundredth anniversary of their University was celebrated. From all parts of the world—from Japan to Chili—illustrious men of science and letters came to do honour to the institution; and without exception they were enthusiastic in their congratulations and in their expressions of goodwill. The most impressive of the various ceremonies seems to have been the service in the beautiful Church of St. Giles; but the Graduation Ceremonial, the Banquet, the Students' Symposium, were, each in its own way, not less successful. On such an occasion praises were not, of course, carefully measured; but the most appreciative orators said little about the University that was not thoroughly deserved. The Edinburgh University may not have produced many profound scholars; but its function, like that of all the Scottish Universities, has been to liberalise the professions and to diffuse throughout the community an enduring respect for learning; and this function it has never ceased to exercise even in the most troubled epochs of its history. At the present time its position as a centre of intellectual influence is more remarkable than at any previous period; and the effect of the Tricentenary Festival ought to be to encourage and stimulate the University authorities in their work. Hitherto the chief difficulty with which Scottish professors have had to contend has been the insufficient preparation of their pupils for advanced studies; but this difficulty is being gradually overcome. New secondary schools are being established in all the leading towns; and those which already exist are aiming at a higher standard of attainment. The prospects of the Northern Universities are, therefore, unusually good; and the University of Edinburgh will have itself to blame if its advantages are not henceforth considerably greater than those of any of its Scottish rivals.

CENTRALISED MUNICIPALITIES.—No fair-minded person can describe the Government Bill for the extension of the Corporation of London as either a violently revolutionary or confiscatory measure. Still it involves a leap in the dark, for nowhere else does there exist a municipality of such giant proportions. Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham are babies in size compared to the Great Babylon situated in the Thames Valley, and they moreover have the immense advantage of possessing municipalities which have grown with their growth. Even before the Municipal Reform Act of 1835, these and all other important English towns were governed by organisations which, although chosen by restricted or objectionable methods, nevertheless exercised jurisdiction over the whole city area. Only in London has the anomaly been preserved of a hide-bound Corporation, restricted within fixed territorial limits, and incapable of expansion. Sir William Harcourt now proposes to legalise this desired expansion. But it will be a dangerous experiment. It is by no means difficult to draw a Bill which, like the Constitutions of the Abbé Sièyes, looks most attractive on paper. The real *crux* is to find good men to work the new organisation. The Lord Mayor forcibly indicated these difficulties in a speech which he made the other day at Gravesend. At present a number of gentlemen of good position do an immense deal of useful public work without a thought of remuneration. Can this be expected under the new régime, or will not the practical management of municipal affairs (which means, be it remembered, the handling of enormous sums of money) gradually fall into the hands of political busybodies and venal jobbers? Hear what Mr. Oakey Hall, ex-Mayor of New York, says on this subject. Down to 1850 New York was divided into various wards, each of which elected its own officers. In those golden days, he says, extravagant taxation and aggregated jobbery were unknown, and watchful supervision prevailed. But the independent

wards were consolidated into a mammoth municipality, with the result that New York became a byword of mismanagement (Boss Tweed to wit), until in despair the old local forms of government were resumed. Boston shows a similar experience. Mr. Hall does not mention the Irish influx, which began to make itself felt just about 1850, and no doubt degraded the municipal electorate of both New York and Boston; but, even making allowance for this incident, it is worth considering once, twice, and thrice, whether this aggregate of mighty towns, which we call London, would not be better managed by several independent municipalities.

HOPE AS A CURATIVE.—The question as to whether a doctor who knows a patient to be afflicted with a mortal disease is bound to tell him or her that there is no hope of a cure is a nice one to discuss; but if doctors, who disagree about so many things, are generally agreed as to the expediency of keeping hope alive in a patient, it must be because professional experience has taught them all that hope is the most active principle in human nature. It is very fine to say that when death is inevitable a man should be plainly told that his days are numbered, but will any ordinary patient accept such a sentence from his doctor? The chances are a hundred to one that the patient who is condemned by Dr. Black will call in Dr. Brown, and if Brown is not sanguine he will try that amiable and ever-confident practitioner, Dr. White. Hope will not let itself be killed by one doctor, nor by twenty doctors, and even if it should be torn out of a patient's breast, it will not be rooted out of the hearts of those who love him, so long as they have a guinea with which to fee a physician. Besides, before a doctor can condemn a patient to death he must be perfectly assured that a cure is impossible, and how often is it that he can have this absolute certainty? The young doctor who, in the fulness of his candour, has prophesied the death of a patient who afterwards recovers, learns a lesson in reticence which he is never likely to forget, for it is apt to cost him dear. Little David Copperfield used to wonder in church how Dr. Chillip liked to read on the mural tablets of his departed patients that "physicians were in vain." As a rule physicians do not like such reading; but if they loathe to hear it said that they failed in their treatment of a case which was perhaps curable, they object still more to hear this remark circulated by some healthy fellow who has been restored to life and vigour by other prescriptions than theirs. This it is which makes hope in the doctor, and consequently in the sick-room, of such long life.

WOMEN AT OXFORD.—On Tuesday next Convocation will decide whether women are to be admitted to four of the Honour Examinations at Oxford—Honour Moderations, and the Final Schools in Modern History, Mathematics, and Natural Science. The proposal has already received the sanction of Congregation—that is, of the resident tutors and professors; but it by no means follows that the whole body of Masters of Arts, resident and non-resident, will be equally liberal. On the second occasion on which the scheme passed through the ordeal of Congregation, seventy-two votes were given against it; and there can be little doubt that the hostile party will be largely reinforced in Convocation. Yet it is difficult to see why a plan which has worked remarkably well in Cambridge should not work equally well in Oxford. The principal argument advanced against it in Congregation—at any rate, the argument which attracted most attention—was that urged by Canon Liddon, to the effect that Christianity has finally settled the proper position of women. This may be true; but Canon Liddon failed to show that the higher education of women is in any way inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity. If one of the objects of Christianity is to make good citizens, it may be appealed to at least as confidently by those who favour as by those who oppose the present movement for the elevation of the intellectual life of women. It is sometimes said that the health of women cannot stand the strain of University studies; but this is disproved by experience. The girl whose nervous system has been shattered by work at Girton College is an imaginary being; she exists only in the speeches of orators who fancy that because women have been badly educated in past times they ought therefore to be badly educated now. The fatigues of Girton College are slight in comparison with those which are cheerfully borne by many a victim of London "seasons."

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF WILD FLOWERS.—With all respect for the late Lord Beaconsfield, we could not help feeling last Saturday, on seeing the number of persons whose bosoms or buttonholes were decorated with primroses in honour of his memory, how many a rural glade had been despoiled of its chief ornaments for this purpose. If, however, it were only a question of "Primrose Day," we should not complain. Like other anniversaries, it comes "but once a year." But unfortunately the demand on the part of the denizens of towns for wild flowers exists all day and every day, and there are plenty of people ready to gratify it. Already, say within a twelve-mile radius of the General Post Office, the hedgerows are practically flowerless; and the destruction is every year extending further afield. In such cases it is very difficult to draw the exact line between lawful gathering and destructive spoliation. Who, for example, would grudge the few primroses or wood-anemones

which the pale-faced little daughter of the London artisan eagerly gathers, carries carefully home, and tends in a vase till they are totally withered, as a reminiscence of her delightful excursion among the green fields? Yet this innocent young lady is—so far as floral larceny is concerned—own sister to the professional hawk, who digs up by the roots ferns, ivy, gorse, wild rhododendrons—anything, in short, of which he can make a market. The lovely *edelweiss* of the Swiss mountains has already been protected from such exterminators by special enactment, and ere long, in this densely-peopled country, with its shoals of excursionists and its flower-loving, city-pent inhabitants, some protective floral regulations will become necessary, or, on all public highways, wayside flowers will become as rare as bustards or wild cats.

PAINTING THE DIAMOND.—Tourists who think of buying jewellery in Paris must be cautioned against a trick by means of which inferior stones are made to look like gems of the first water. A few weeks ago two dishonest Parisian jewellers were sent to prison for six months for having doctored some poor yellow Cape diamonds. An expert was called who, having dipped similar stones into an infusion of aniline, transformed them before the judges into brilliants of great beauty. Last week another jeweller was in trouble for having sold as first-rate pearls a necklace of very common pearls which had been steeped in nitrate of silver and then set to dry in the sun. The victims in both these cases were foreigners, and it may be observed as to this that people who are most prudent when buying diamonds in their own country show a surprising carelessness when they go to Paris. The glitter of the Palais-Royal shops seems to dazzle their minds as well as their eyes. There are certainly honest tradesmen in the Palais Royal, but it is notorious that there are others who, too cunning to cheat their own countrymen, have no scruples respecting foreigners. To them the honeymooning couple from England and the touring party from America are legitimate spoil, and in most cases the frauds which they practise on these victims cannot be brought home to them. It seems that the painted stones preserve their lustre for a long time, and if, after the shine has gone out of them, the buyer should return to complain of his bargain, it is always open to the jeweller to deny that the worthless stones were the actual ones which he sold. The jewellers who have just been punished appear to have acted clumsily—they had probably grown reckless with long impunity; but the moral of the whole matter is that our countrymen who have money to spend in Paris had better, when they buy jewellery, go to well-recommended shops.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "IN THE LAND OF THE LAPPS," written by Mr. Carl Siewers, and Illustrated by Engravings from Photographs taken by Dr. Sophus Tromholt.



THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry Street, W. Lighted by Electricity. Proprietor and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE.—Open every evening with the New Farce Comedy, by C. H. Hawtre, called THE PRIVATE SECRETARY at 9, preceded by Sydney Grundy's One Act Comedy, IN HONOUR BOUND, at 8 o'clock. For cash see daily papers. Doors open at 7.30. Mr. COLLETTE'S MATINEES.—EVERY DAY during the week, at 2.30. MY AWFUL DAD, GAME OF SPECULATION, and COOL AS A CUCUMBER. Box Office at the Theatre open from 11 to 5. Prices from 1s. to £3 3s. Telephone 3,700. No fees or gratuities.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHARLES WYNHAM.—EVERY EVENING, at 9, BRIGHTON, with Mr. CHARLES WYNHAM as Bob Sackett, supported by Messrs. W. Draycott, H. H. Astley, W. Blakeley, Geo. Ciddens, W. Barron, H. Saker, Messdames K. Saker, K. Roper, F. Chalgrave, R. Norrey, E. Phelps. Preceded, at 8, by NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS. BRIGHTON will be followed in rapid succession by revivals of the Criterion Comedies, FOURTEEN DAYS and BUTTERFLY FEVER, with Mr. CHARLES WYNHAM in his Original Characters.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole Proprietress: Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING, at SEVEN (Wednesday excepted), the grand production of Mr. Robert Buchanan's celebrated Adelphi drama, STORM BEATEN. New and elaborate scenery. Misses Grey, Harlowe, Lewis, Howe; Messrs. J. B. Howe, Algernon Syms, Reynolds, Stephenson, Steadman, Newbound, Lewis, Bigwood. INCIDENTALS. Miss Ross, the renowned lady ventriloquist, Palles and Cussick (the Irish Monarchs), Harry Wright. ETERNAL JUSTICE. Messrs. Cook, Darby, &c. Wednesday.—Benefit of Tower Hamlets Prize Fund.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. See opinions of all the leading daily and weekly papers on the **MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' EASTER HOLIDAY PROGRAMME.** *Times, Standard, Daily News, Post, Advertiser, Chronicle* of April 15th; *Lloyd's, Weekly Times, News of the World, Era, &c., &c.* Great success of the new artists, Mr. TOM WARD, MAJOR BURK. The New Comic Sketch of the **DUDES AND DUESSES.** EVERY NIGHT at 8.

MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS, 3 and 8. Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No fees of any kind. Doors open at 2.30 and 7.30. Tickets and places at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. Managers, Messrs. ALFRED REED and CORNEY GRAIN.—A MOSS ROSE RENT, written by Arthur Law, music by Alfred J. Caldicott. After which an entirely new Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled A LITTLE DINNER. Concluding with A DOUBLE EVENT, written by Arthur Law and Alfred Reed, music by Corney Grain. Morning Performances every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 3; Evenings, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8. Admission 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s. Booking Office now open 10 to 6. No charge for Booking.—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGLEHAM PLACE.

MASKELYNE and COOKE, EGYPTIAN HALL.—Every Afternoon, 3 and 5, and in the Evenings at 8, of Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. In addition to the great Illusory Sensations so successful before closing for structural alterations, PSYCHO'S NEW MYSTERIES are introduced at every performance. Box-office open daily, and it is advisable to book seats in advance, there being no commission charged. Stalls, 5s.; reserved seats, 3s.; area, 2s.; gallery, 1s. Doors open at 2.30 and 7.30. Carriages at five and ten.—W. MORTON, Manager.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on view at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

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THE TERCENTENARY OF EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY

SUCH celebrations as these are common enough on the Continent, but it has been left to Edinburgh, the youngest of the Scottish Universities, though now also the greatest and most famous, to set the example of formal jubilation to the British Isles.

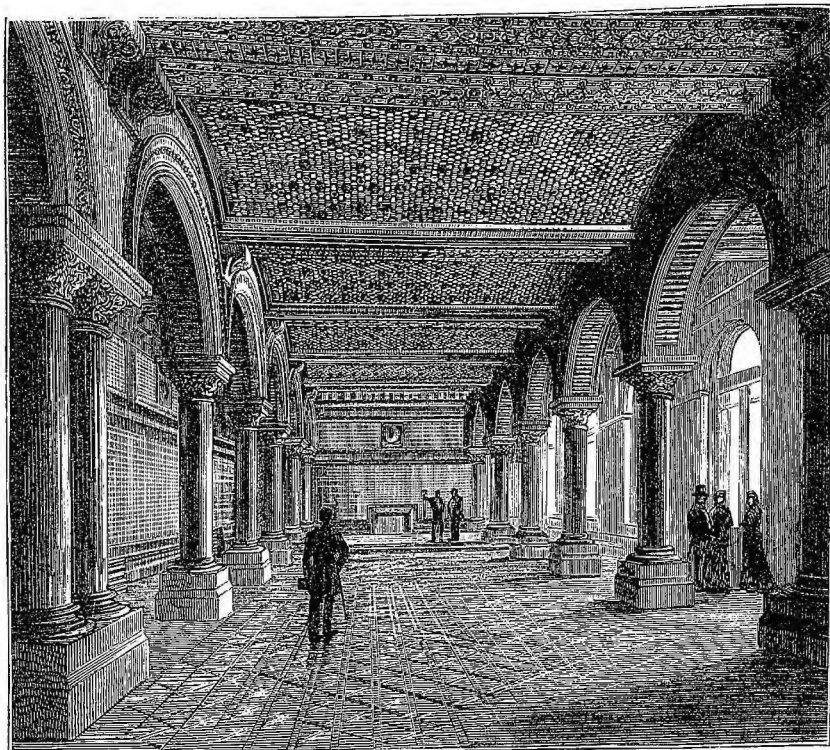
Great efforts were made, both by the University and the Civic authorities, to render the celebration a success, and the general verdict has been that success was fully attained. The north-east wind blew, as it too often blows during the chilly spring weather of these northern latitudes, but nevertheless Auld Reekie looked as gay as Naples or Venice on a gala day. The air was thick with flags and festoons and streamers, and both the old University on the South Bridge and the new buildings were brightly decorated.

On Tuesday, the 15th inst., the day before the actual ceremonies began, the ordinary graduation ceremonial took place in the United Presbyterian Hall. No less than 118 students were "capped" by the Chancellor, or, in other words, received their academic enfranchisement. A number of eminent strangers were present from England, from the Continent, and from America. Among them may be mentioned the names of Mr. Robert Browning, Professor Max Müller, and Professor Virchow.

In the evening of the same day there was a reception by the Lord Provost, the Magistrates, and the Town Council of the members of the University and their distinguished guests in the Museum of Science and Art, the spacious halls and galleries of which offered ample space for four or five thousand persons to promenade in. The guests were received by the Lord Provost and the Magistrates in their robes in the centre of the Great Hall.

Later still, an hour before midnight, the students of the University had a torchlight procession in honour of the Tercentenary. They met in the quadrangle of the University to the number of 1,100, and marched over the North Bridge, preceded by a band, through Waterloo Place, to the Castle Esplanade, where the torches were collected and burnt.

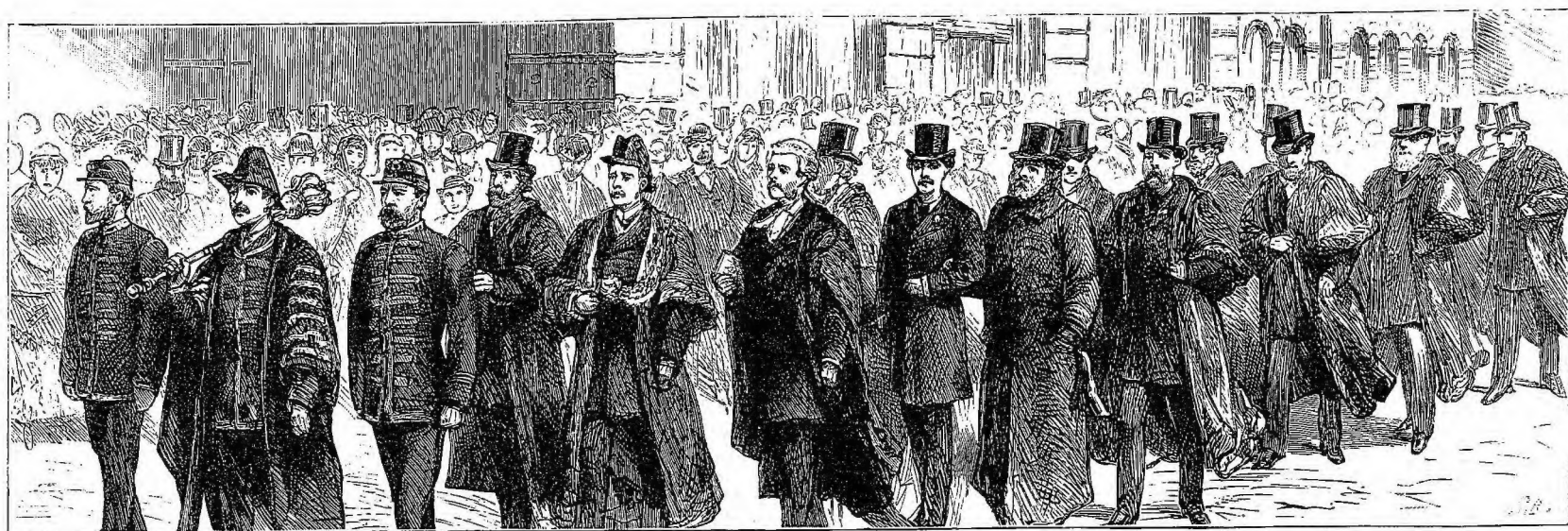
Wednesday's proceedings began with a service in St. Giles's Cathedral, which was of a very brilliant as well as impressive



THE READING ROOM IN THE FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY



THE READING-ROOM—PRESENTING THE MAYOR WITH A CASKET CONTAINING THE KEY



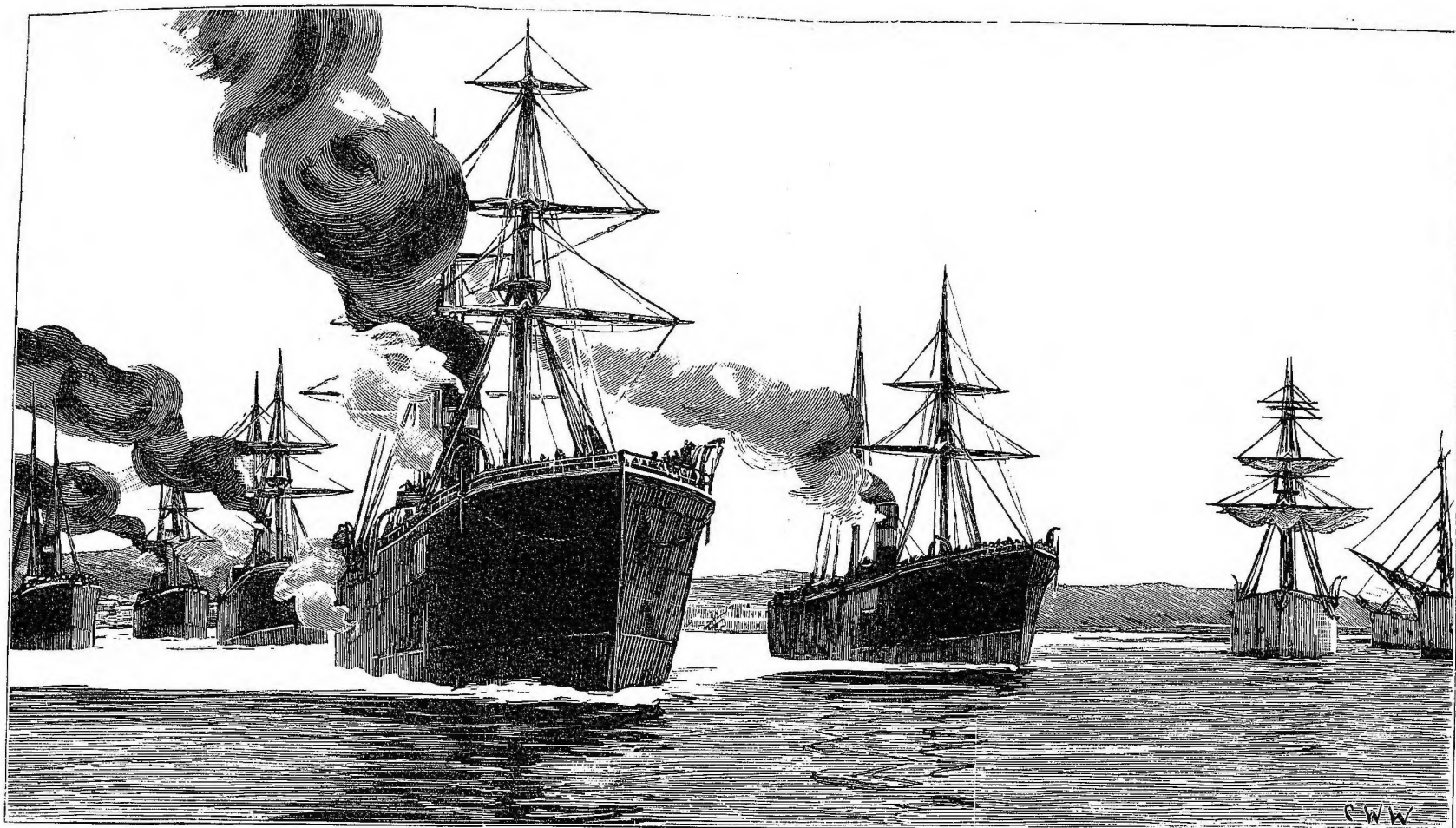
THE CIVIC PROCESSION FROM THE TOWN HALL TO THE NEW BUILDINGS



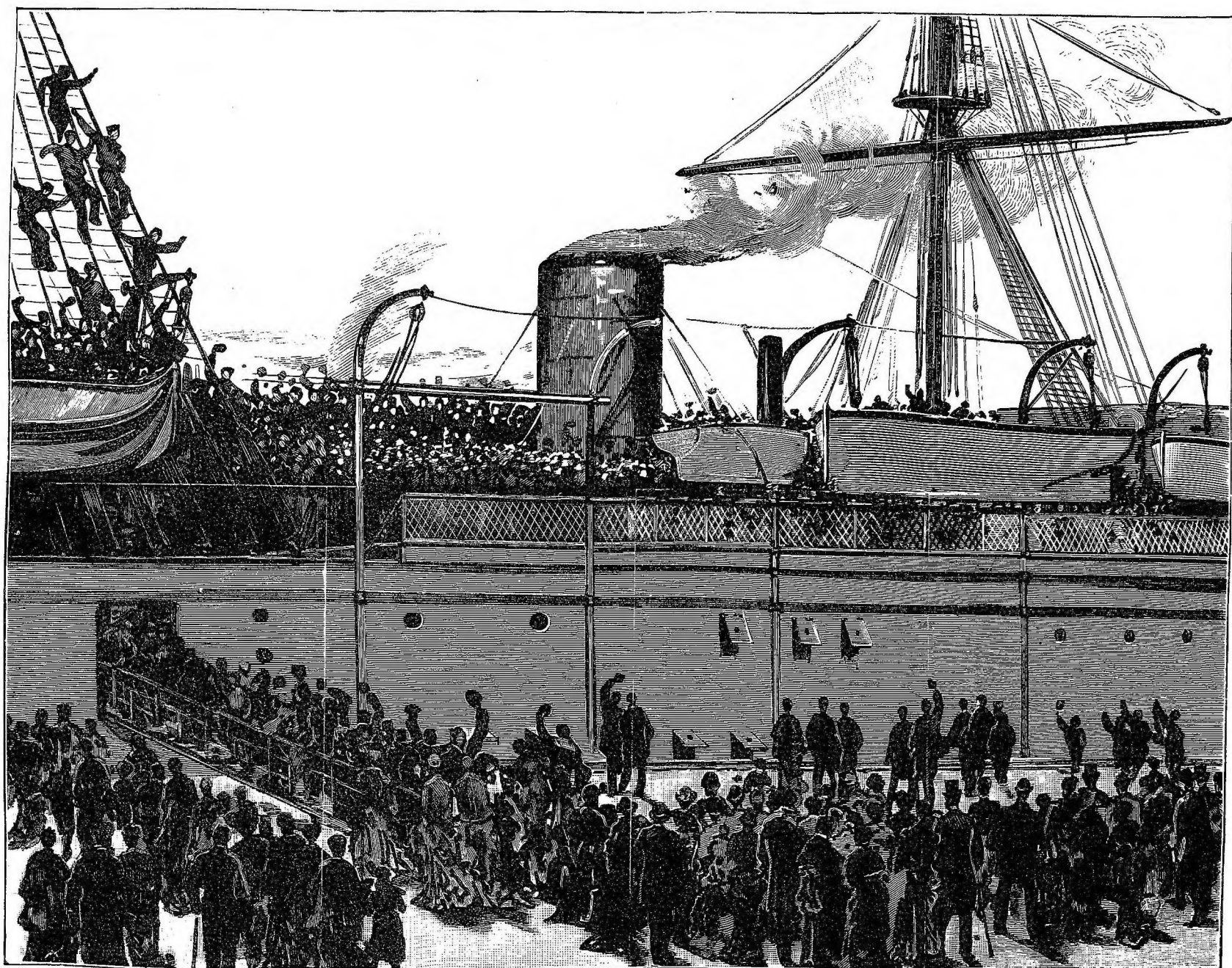
THE MAYOR OPENING THE DOOR OF THE NEW BUILDINGS



THE NEW BUILDINGS



THE LAST TRANSPORTS LEAVING SUAKIM FOR HOME (FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS)



ARRIVAL OF THE TROOPSHIP "JUMNA" AT PORTSMOUTH WITH THE TENTH HUSSARS ON BOARD

THE RECENT WAR IN THE SOUDAN

character. When the vast assemblage stood up to sing the opening Psalms, the church presented a splendid appearance, as the rather sombre costumes of the graduates of British Universities were relieved by the bright colours of those of the foreign deputies, by their sparkling decorations, and by the uniforms of the military. The sermon was preached by Professor Flint, who reviewed the history of the University in relation to the social, political, and religious life of Scotland.

After the service there was a luncheon at the new University Buildings, at which 484 guests were present. At 3 P.M., at the Theatre Royal, a dramatic performance of Andrew Halliday's *King o' Scots* took place before a brilliant audience. The actors were students, assisted by a few ladies, also amateurs. The performance was very creditable, though the nervousness of the actors must have been aggravated by the "chaff" to which they were occasionally treated by their friends in the gallery.

At 4 P.M. there was an organ recital by Sir Herbert Oakeley in the music class room of the University. Between 8 and 11 P.M. a *conversation* was held in the Library Hall of the University, the company, among whom were comprised the eminent strangers present in Edinburgh and the *élite* of the citizens, being received by the University authorities and the Senatus Academicus. At 10 P.M. the Students' Ball, every ticket for which had long since been disposed of, began in the Assembly Rooms, George Street.

Thursday, April 17th, was the great day of the Festival, as in the forenoon that which was *par excellence* the Tercentenary Ceremony was held. The function took place in the United Presbyterian Hall, which, owing to the variety of academic costumes, presented a remarkably bright and varied scene, scarlet predominating, but it appeared in combination with black, with pink and blue of various shades, and with gold; while variety was introduced by the green gown of Munich, and the yellow robes and caps of some of the French Professors. The ceremony began with the presentation of congratulatory addresses by seventy-five delegates from other Universities, including such distant countries as Australia, New Zealand, and Japan. Next came the presentation of the fourteen persons on whom the degree of D.D. was to be conferred. In admitting these gentlemen to their degrees the Chancellor, as he pronounced the customary formula, held on the head of each the flat broad cap of black velvet used on such occasions.

Upwards of a hundred persons after this received the degree of LL.D. Mr. Robert Browning, Professor Jowett, M. de Lesseps, Mr. J. R. Lowell, and Sir Archibald Alison were immensely cheered. After the ceremonies, which lasted an hour and a half, were concluded, the Chancellor (Lord President Inglis), read a congratulatory telegram from the Prince of Wales, and then delivered a brief but eloquent address, being followed, on behalf of the students, by the Lord Rector of the University, Sir Stafford Northcote.

In the evening the Tercentenary Banquet was held in the Drill Hall, Forrest Road, 400 ladies being accommodated in a large gallery which had been erected. Before proposing the toast of "The Queen," the Chairman (Chancellor Inglis) read a congratulatory telegram which the Queen had sent to him from Flushing.

On Friday, the 18th inst., the students, under the Presidency of their Lord Rector, Sir Stafford Northcote, held a meeting for the reception of the University guests in the United Presbyterian Hall. The students behaved in a most quiet and orderly manner, enduring with considerable fortitude a half-hour speech by M. de Lesseps in French, and another by Professor Virchow in German.

Later in the day there was a concert at the Music-Hall; the Galleries of the Royal Scottish Academy were thrown open for a reception; and in the evening a grand illumination of the city, accompanied by a display of fireworks and coloured fires, took place. The general idea was to light up the northern side of the Old Town from the Castle downwards. Owing to its picturesque site, Edinburgh is just suited for such an exhibition as this, and the general effect was very fine.

The Tercentenary Festival was brought to a close on the Friday night, or rather on the Saturday morning (April 19th), by the Students' Symposium. It was held in the Drill Hall, and was a thorough success. It combined the features of a smoking concert and an informal public meeting. The atmosphere was rather dense, as there were some 2,000 pipes, cigars, and cigarettes present. There was some singing and story-telling (Sir S. Northcote contributing to the latter), then "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the Queen" were sung, and the assemblage dispersed.

THE RETURN OF THE TROOPS FROM THE SOUDAN

OUR sketch of "Homeward Bound," by our special artist, Mr. Frederick Villiers, needs little explanation. It represents the last troopships leaving Suakim on their way to England with the remainder of the regiments which had been taking part in the recent campaign. Below may be seen the arrival of one of these transports, the Indian troopship *Jumna*, at Portsmouth. Owing to adverse winds she was delayed two days longer than had been expected, and some anxiety was felt about her. On Monday afternoon, however, she steamed into harbour, being greeted by the band of the *St. Vincent* Training Ship with the strains of "Home, Sweet Home." As the vessel was berthed alongside the jetty, the men testified their delight at their home-coming by three hearty cheers. The troops included the 10th Hussars, the M Battery 1st Brigade Royal Artillery, the 1st Battalion York and Lancaster Regiment, and the 2nd Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers, with about 130 Marines. During the campaign the *Jumna* had been used as a hospital ship, and had left Suez on the 3rd inst. with about sixty sick and wounded. Only one man, Private Trueman, and a baby died during the voyage; but the men complained bitterly of the cold, which they felt severely after the torrid weather which they had experienced in the Sudan. Their wives and families had been previously sent home in the *Serapis*. The York and Lancaster Regiment, it may be remembered, was actively engaged throughout the campaign, and in the battle of Tamasi lost Captain Ford and thirty-eight men killed and fifty-eight wounded, during that "bad quarter of an hour" when the Arabs broke the square. One of the Royal Artillerymen had a narrow escape at Tamasi, a bullet entering the front of his helmet and escaping at the back without injuring him; but this was surpassed by a truly miraculous case at El Teb, where a private was shot through the chest—the bullet passing out of his back and killing the man behind him. The man who was first shot, however, recovered. The Royal Irish Fusiliers were on their way back from India in the *Jumna*, when they were stopped in the Red Sea, and ordered to Trinkitat to reinforce General Stephenson's little army. Amongst the greetings received by the troops was a telegram from the Prince of Wales to his own regiment, the 10th Hussars, congratulating officers, non-commissioned officers, and men upon their safe return, and adding that his only regret was that he was unable to offer them his greetings in person. On disembarkation the troops were marched to the Clarence Barracks, thence to be distributed to their various destinations at Dover, Portsmouth, and Woolwich.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF TAMASI

THIS sketch, by our special artist, Mr. Frederick Villiers, shows the zeriba in which our troops encamped the evening before the Battle of Tamasi. The troops marched out of Suakim on March 10th, and encamped for the night at Baker's zeriba. Next day they made a further advance of six miles, and then formed a new zeriba on sloping ground. "They did not entrench themselves," writes

the *Daily News* correspondent, "they merely cut down the prickly bushes, inside which they fenced themselves, men, horses, ambulances, commissariat trains, mules, and camels. But the zeriba, or prickly breastwork, was nothing half as strong as General Baker's. The fact that these tribes are hardly ever known to attack at night doubtless accounts for the General's abstention from further endeavour to strengthen the post. However, the Arabs did their best to worry us, and, by depriving us of sleep, to spoil our nerves for the morning's work. Stretched out on the sand after our late dinner of biscuit, 'bully' beef, and whisky, and when most of us were on the verge of sleep, we were aroused by a brisk rattle of musketry. Bullets came whistling and hissing overhead, crashing into the bushes, or falling with a hard thud into the sand. This fitful fusillade lasted until after daybreak. The safest portion of the camp during all this firing was, of course, that nearest the enemy—namely, on the ascent pointing to the enemy's position. The bullets flew harmlessly over the slope, and fell into the centre and rear of the camp. To avoid the fire, we lay, whether sleepy or wakeful, down flat on the sand." Only one man was killed, and at eight the next morning the troops reformed, and marched out in two squares against the enemy, whom, as we have already described and illustrated, they encountered and routed in the Battle of Tamasi.

THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS AND FREE
LIBRARY, LEEDS

THURSDAY of last week may fairly be considered as a "Red Letter" day in the annals of Leeds, for on that day the new Municipal Buildings were formally opened by the Mayor, Mr. Alderman Woodhouse, J.P. A procession, consisting of Aldermen



the proceedings Mr. Councillor Hardwick presented the Mayor with a handsome gold key, contained in a casket, as a memento of the occasion. The Mayor, having addressed the audience, declared the building open, and the proceedings terminated.

In the evening the Mayor entertained about four hundred gentlemen at a banquet in the Victoria Hall, which was brilliantly illuminated and handsomely decorated for the occasion. Many distinguished guests were present, including the Home Secretary, the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P., the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, M.P., Mr. Herbert Gladstone, M.P., the Dean (Designate) of Carlisle, &c., &c.

The new building, which has been in course of construction for five years, will be utilised in two distinct ways, viz., one-half of the entire space consists of offices in which municipal work will be transacted, the other

half has been secured for the purposes of a Free Library. The first thing that attracts the notice of the visitor is the sumptuous manner in which the interior decoration has been carried out—the lavish display of stained glass, embossed and coloured tiles, tessellated and mosaic pavements, and handsome fittings made of various kinds of wood. The Reading Room is, perhaps, the most noticeable in this respect. It is eighty feet long by forty feet wide, and is divided into a broad nave and aisles by an arcade of six arches, carried upon polished granite pillars, the latter surmounted by intricately-carved capitals, each differing in design. Upon the pillars rest semicircular stone arches, which give form to the vaulted ceiling. The walls are tiled throughout, and the same may be said of the other rooms and offices, tiled of various colours entirely supplanting other modes of wall-decoration. Almost every tile has been specially designed, almost every capital and column has been variously ornamented, and there may be discovered among the carving minute busts of literary celebrities. The cost of the new structure is estimated at 120,000*l.*—Our engravings of the Reading Room and exterior of the building are from photographs by Mr. E. Wormald, 46, Great George Street, Leeds.

THE LATE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, MR. H. J. BYRON,
AND
THE BISHOP OF RIPON

See page 400.

ZEBEHR PASHA

A SCORE of years ago Zebehr Rahama was one of the chief slave-dealing sheikhs of the Soudan, and, indeed, as Dr. Schweinfurth tells us, was regarded as a species of king, and lived in true regal style. That energetic traveller resided with him for a short time, and described him as a kind and courteous host, though bearing witness to his great traffic in slaves. In 1869 the slave-dealers had become so powerful that they refused to pay the usual tribute to the Egyptian Government, and an expedition sent against them by the Khédive was annihilated by Zebehr, who thereupon became the chief power in the country. Meanwhile the Sultan of Darfour had laid an embargo on corn, a proceeding which highly incensed the slave-dealers, who drew all their supplies from that quarter. Zebehr accordingly prepared for an invasion of Darfour, and the Khédive, hearing of this, at once patched up matters with him, created him a Bey, and joined forces in attacking Darfour. Zebehr was successful, the Sultan was vanquished and killed, with his two sons, and Darfour was handed over to Khédivial rule. For this Zebehr was created a Pasha; but, not unnaturally aspiring to be made ruler over the province which he had been mainly instrumental in conquering, in 1874 he went to Cairo and distributed 100,000*l.* in backsheesh. The influence of "Chinese" Gordon, how-

ever, outweighed all his bribes, and in 1878 Zebehr gave the signal to his son Suleiman to revolt. Indeed, foreseeing the possibility of failure, before leaving the Soudan, he had summoned his followers, and told them at a gathering under a certain tree between Shaka and El Obeid that when he sent the word of command they were to revolt. Finding that his journey was fruitless, therefore, he sent the message, "Put into effect my order given under the tree." The insurrection consequently began with Suleiman at its head, but was quickly combated by Gordon Pasha and his Lieutenant Gessi, and in 1880 the neck of the revolt was broken, and Suleiman was captured and shot. Zebehr's connivance in the rebellion was proved, and the Council of Ministers at Cairo sentenced him to death. He was, however, pardoned by the Khédive, allotted a handsome allowance, and has since lived quietly at Cairo. When Hicks Pasha was defeated last September, Zebehr was appointed to the command of a detachment of Egyptian negroes and Bedouins, which was intended to act with Colonel Baker's expedition; but this force was never completely organised. When, also, General Gordon went to Khartoum, he strongly urged the employment of Zebehr Pasha, whose influence over the tribes, he stated, was considerable. The British Government, however, declined to sanction the employment of a man known to be strongly in favour of slave-dealing. General Gordon, however, does not appear to have been informed of this decision, as he telegraphed last week to Zebehr, notifying him of his appointment as Assistant-Governor of the Soudan, and requesting him to go at once to Berber. As for Zebehr himself, if certain interviewers are to be credited, he is confident that, if he were given unlimited powers, he could speedily put an end to the disorders in the Soudan, but he declines to act under the orders of General Gordon. —Our portrait is from a photograph supplied by Colonel the Hon. J. Colborne.

THE FRENCH CAMPAIGN IN TONQUIN

OUR own military adventures in the Soudan have—so far as this country is concerned—so completely eclipsed the interest of the French operations in the Far East that a few preliminary geographical explanations may not be unnecessary. The French, who have long been in possession of Cochin China, have latterly been endeavouring to establish their supremacy in the regions further north. The scene of their present operations is the north-western shore of the Gulf of Tonquin, between lat. 20° and 22° . In the delta formed by the junction of a number of rivers in that region are situated the towns whose names have lately become so familiar, such as Nam-dinh, Hanoi, Hai-dzuong, Sontay, Bac-ninh, and Lang-son. Bac-ninh has just been captured, and Lang-son, which lies further inland to the northward, is now threatened by the French.

Saigon, the capital of Cochin China, is more European in aspect than either Colombo or Singapore, where the Asiatics outnumber the whites. The Cathedral, which cost 150,000*l.* to build, is a heavy and ugly brick edifice; but the Governor's Palace, of which we furnish an engraving, is, with its annulated columns, one of the finest erections of the kind in the East, and is by many thought superior to Government House, Calcutta.

Hanoi, where is situated the citadel represented in one of our pictures, has been much improved of late. Last August the native town was a dismal solitude. Now the Chinese quarters and the bazaars are as crowded as Cheapside at noon. The streets are being widened, and lamp-posts erected. A more regrettable innovation is the establishment of a number of canteens and drinking-houses.

The public ferries, one of which is represented in our sketch of a ferry near Hué, are kept up at all the principal points of crossing of the main rivers, for the conveyance of passengers. The cost is defrayed by the State.

The street scene in a business quarter at Hué much resembles what may be seen in any of the principal towns of Tonquin. The Chinese quarter at Hanoi is better built; the houses being of Chinese architecture, and the streets paved down the centre with a flagging of about five feet wide.

The Annamite army consisted of militia armed with lances, pikes, and tridents of the most fantastic shapes and description. The best of the troops were kept at Hué, where now the French have a garrison established in the citadel. The King and Court Mandarins have entirely submitted to the French.

The bars of silver shown in one of our engravings were found in the citadel of Sontay. These bars or *taels* of silver are supposed to have been cast during the reign of Gia-long. An enormous quantity of treasure was found in Sontay, after the capture of the citadel, besides enough rice to feed the garrison for nine months.

The Tonquinese industry of inlaying mother-of-pearl is already highly esteemed by art-connoisseurs in Paris and New York. The work is executed with remarkable delicacy. The art is lost in Japan, whence it was originally derived.

Most of the other sketches depict incidents during the capture of Sontag, which we described last week, and of which a full and graphic account, written by Mr. Colquhoun (to whom we are indebted for our sketches and the foregoing particulars) appeared in the *Times* of March 13th.

“DOROTHY FORSTER”

A NEW STORY, by Walter Besant, illustrated by Charles Green, is continued on page 405.

“TRACTION-ENGINE, MA’AM !”

As these steam-monsters are almost always regarded by horses with great uneasiness and alarm, they are placed under special legislation. The Act of Parliament provides that every locomotive propelled by steam on a public highway must be accompanied by at least three persons to drive or conduct it; and that while it is in motion one of these persons must precede it on foot twenty yards in advance, carrying a red flag, and warning the riders and drivers of horses of the locomotive's approach.

NOTE.—THE LATE MR. BLANCHARD JERROLD.—With reference to our biography last week, Mr. Sidney Jerrold writes thus:—"My father was in no sense of the word commissioned or employed by the Imperial Family of France to write the biography of Napoleon III. The work was planned and prepared before the family were apprised of the fact, and was undertaken quite independently of the wishes or promptings of the Empress. In a word, 'The Life of Napoleon III.' was in no sense a work written to order."

NOTE.—We omitted to state last week that the arrangements for the ascent of the "Graphic" balloon, from which the sketches for our panorama of the Volunteer review-ground at Portsmouth were made, were ably carried out by Mr. Joseph Simmons, the eminent aeronaut.

AT A MEETING OF HIS CONSTITUENTS, on Wednesday, to support the Franchise and London Government Bills, the Postmaster-General dealt chiefly with the former of these measures. If the House of Lords rejected the Franchise Bill, Mr. Fawcett suggested that the Government should not dissolve; but, if properly supported, send it back to the Lords, and proceed with other work of useful legislation. It was not, he said, for a Tory majority in the Lords to decide when Her Majesty should be advised to dissolve Parliament.



SATURDAY LAST, being the third anniversary of the death of Lord Beaconsfield, there was, from respect to his memory, throughout London and in the provinces, a very general display of primroses on the persons of both sexes, and of numbers who differed from his political opinions. His statue at Westminster was decorated with masses of his favourite flower. There were numerous visitors to his grave at Hughenden, to which had been sent from all parts of the kingdom wreaths of primroses and other flowers, among them one from Her Majesty the Queen. Many meetings, social and other, were held to do honour to his memory. The first banquet of the recently-formed Primrose League was held at the Freemasons' Hall, under the presidency of the Earl of Egmont, when appropriate speeches, one of them by Colonel Burnaby, were made. The new Conservative recruit, Mr. Marriott, M.P. for Brighton, returned thanks for the House of Commons.

INTERVIEWED IN HIS CONISTON HOME by a representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mr. Ruskin said of the late Duke of Albany: "I had the deepest regard and respect for what I would call his genius, rather than his intellect. He was entirely graceful and kind in every thought and deed. There was no mystery about him—he was perfectly frank and easy with every one." Of the Premier, Mr. Ruskin said: "Mr. Gladstone is an old wind-bag. When he makes what is called 'a great speech,' in nine cases out of ten he uses his splendid gift of oratory not for the elucidation of his subject, but for its vaporisation in a cloud of words."

M. WADDINGTON, the French Ambassador in London, but an Englishman by birth and education, is to preside at the annual dinner of the Literary Fund next month, a function which was to have been performed by the late Duke of Albany.

TWO LIBERAL PEERS, the Earl of Rosebery and the Duke of Roxburgh, will, it is said, succeed the late Duke of Buccleuch in the Lord Lieutenancies of Mid-Lothian and Roxburghshire respectively.

THE COMMITTEE appointed by the Prince of Wales to report on the future of Hyde Park Corner have expressed approval of the contemplated transfer of Wyatt's statue of the Duke of Wellington to Aldershot, and recommend the substitution of a new equestrian statue of the Duke, to be executed by Mr. Boehm, R.A.

MR. R. H. COLLINS, C.B., sometime tutor to the late Duke of Albany, and afterwards Controller of His Royal Highness's Household, has been made a K.C.B.

MR. JAMES URE, the ex-Lord Provost of Glasgow, has declined the Knighthood offered him in acknowledgment of his municipal services.

THE CONTEST FOR THE REPRESENTATION OF POOLE terminated last week with the election of the Conservative candidate, Mr. W. J. Harris, of London, who has been an active promoter of the Fair Trade movement.

AS A FUTURE LIBERAL CANDIDATE for the representation of Woodstock Lord Alfred Churchill, uncle of the sitting member, Lord Randolph Churchill, has issued an address to the electors.

A CONFERENCE was held on Wednesday in the Mansion House to consider the objects of the National Association for Promoting State-directed Emigration. Lord Brabazon presided and spoke, and the objects of the Association were also supported by the Secretary of the Kent and Sussex Labour Union, and by delegates from Manchester, Newcastle, and Sheffield, representing some 75,000 workers.—On Wednesday afternoon the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Earl and Countess of Carnarvon, and Lord Napier of Magdala were among a company which bade farewell at St. Pancras Station to upwards of 500 emigrants, chiefly from London, starting for Canada. Sympathetic and encouraging addresses were delivered by Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Carnarvon, and other speakers.

AN INFLUENTIAL MEETING, presided over by the Lord Mayor, was held in the Mansion House on Tuesday to promote the establishment at Cairo of a Home for Freed Women Slaves, a scheme which has received the warm approval of Her Majesty the Queen. Mr. W. E. Forster, M.P., was the principal speaker. Suitable resolutions were passed, one of them for the formation of a Committee in England to co-operate with Sir Evelyn Baring and the Committee in Cairo.

ON WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON the as yet incomplete but promising London International and Universal Exhibition at the Crystal Palace was opened by the Lord Mayor.

ARRANGEMENTS ARE BEING MADE to form during the summer months camps of exercise and instruction for the Volunteers on a scale of unprecedented magnitude. The number of Volunteers expected to attend them is estimated at 60,000. Government sanction has been given for sixty-five camps in the Northern district and for eighteen in the Home district, at a cost to the country of 18,000*l.* in the former case, and probably of 2,500*l.* in the latter.

AT A CROWDED SPECIAL MEETING of the Court of Common Council the report of a Committee strongly condemning Sir William Harcourt's London Government Bill was adopted with only one dissentient. The City Commissioners of Sewers, also with only one dissentient, have resolved to give the measure an uncompromising opposition. At an adjourned conference of representatives of the Vestries and District Boards of London on Wednesday, to consider the London Government Bill, a resolution strongly condemning the measure was carried, amendments to it being negatived by very large majorities.

IN A MEMORIAL TO LORD GRANVILLE, the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society have signified their strong disapproval of the Congo Treaty. Resolutions disapproving of it have also been passed by the Swansea and Sheffield Chambers of Commerce and by the Sheffield Cutlers' Company.

ADDRESSING IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE a large gathering of agricultural labourers, Mr. Joseph Arch announced that on the extension of household suffrage to counties sweeping legislative proposals would be made, including the abolition of the law of settlement and an enactment compelling owners of land capable of producing food either to cultivate it or to sell it to the Government. If this were not done, the country would demand a trial of Henry George's scheme.—The advocates of land nationalisation have begun a movement for a fund to aid in sending to the House of Commons candidates favourable to it.

NOTICES THAT THEY WILL BE EVICTED have been served on several of the South Uist crofters who gave evidence before the Royal Commission of Inquiry into the grievances of their body, on the understanding that they were not as tenants to suffer on that account. The subject was brought under the notice of the Lord Advocate on Wednesday by a deputation from the Highland Land Law Reform Association of London.

ADDRESSING A MEETING OF MANCHESTER IRISHMEN, Mr. Justin McCarthy described the policy of the Irish party in the House of Commons as moulded from day to day in the interests of their country alone. They had voted with Ministers on the Franchise Bill, but were quite ready to vote against them if occasion required.

A dissolution would add thirty or forty to the strength of the Home Rule M.P.'s, who would hold in the hollow of their hands English Ministers and parties. "How long," he asked, "would it be then before some English statesman, some English party, would find out that there was justice in the Home Rule demand?"

AT A MEETING IN BRISTOL of representatives of working people connected with the sugar industry, the condition of the trade everywhere was reported to be most critical. Resolutions were passed condemnatory of the foreign bounty system, and urging the Government to carry out the recommendations of the Select Committee on the Sugar Industry.

AT MEETINGS OF PILOTS in the chief ports of the British Channel, it has been resolved to offer organised opposition to Mr. Chamberlain's proposed abolition of compulsory pilotage.

THE LAMBETH WATER COMPANY and the Southwark and Vauxhall Water Company have announced that they accept the decision of the House of Lords in the Dobbs case.

THE MERCHANT NAVY of the United Kingdom was registered last year at more than seven million tons, and that of the British Empire at more than nine millions. The merchant navies of the United States, the German Empire, France, and Italy do not show an aggregate total of more than seven and a quarter millions of tons, and this includes some three millions employed in the river, lake, and coasting trade of the United States.

A SCHEME is on foot to erect a college at Hampstead for the preparation of female students to graduate at London University, the only one, except Durham, which admits women to degrees in literature and science. A lady heads the subscription list with a donation of 10,000*l.*

ON TUESDAY MORNING, at about 9.20, an earthquake shock was felt over an area of unusual magnitude, extending from Birmingham to Portsmouth. It appears to have been severest in the Eastern counties, and to have had its centre at Colchester, in which town and neighbourhood great damage has been done by the falling in of houses; one church in the district was almost destroyed. In various parts of London the shock was very sensible. Workmen engaged in repairing the Victoria Tower at Westminster felt it oscillate as if shaken by the wind, and at a printing-office in Hatton Garden the vibration of the building drove a number of affrighted workmen from the premises. Happily the shock lasted only a few seconds; a few more, and its injurious effects might have been stupendous. As it is, the damage done at Colchester alone is estimated at 10,000*l.*

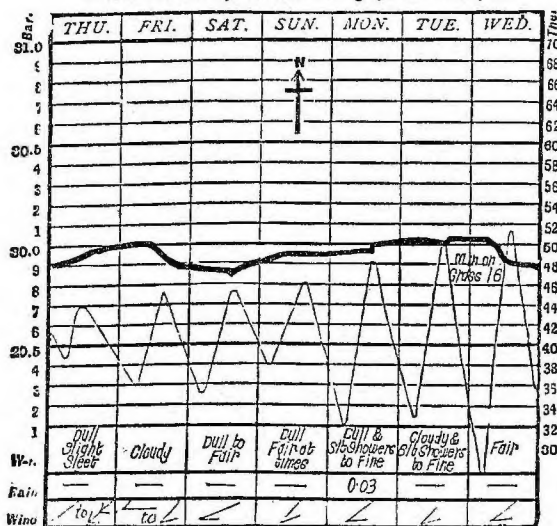
THE ATTEMPT TO SET FIRE, by means of paraffin, to Cark, in Lancashire, has been followed by another, of the same kind, fortunately altogether unsuccessful, on the neighbouring village of Cartmel.

BETWEEN TWO AND THREE ON WEDNESDAY MORNING that well-known hostelry, the Bell Tavern, Old Bailey, was burned down, and most unfortunately the manageress (sister-in-law of the landlord), and two barmaids, who slept in the upper part of the house, perished in the flames.

THE PERSONAL ESTATE of the late Admiral Glyn, "the Admiral" of Society, has been sworn at 35,000*l.*

IN THE OBITUARY OF THE WEEK we note the death of Retired Colonel Hugh Stewart Cochrane, V.C., who greatly distinguished himself in the military operations consequent on the Indian Mutiny, and received the Victoria Cross for a gallant feat near Jhansi, in 1858; of Major-General Vaughan-Arbuckle, late of the Royal Artillery, who served in the Burmese War of 1852-3, and in the war in the Crimea, at the age of fifty-two; of Mr. Sherlock, Her Majesty's First Sergeant-at-Law in Ireland, M.P. for King's County, from 1858 to 1880, in his seventieth year; of Mrs. Alfred Wigan, the once-popular actress, in her seventy-ninth year; of Mr. Frank W. Green, the well-known writer of burlesques, songs, and pantomimes; of the Right Rev. Dr. Warner, Roman Catholic Bishop of Ennis, a prelate who kept aloof from politics, and zealously promoted the temperance movement; of Mrs. Bonham-Carter, daughter of the late William Smith, M.P. for Norwich, and aunt of Florence Nightingale, in her ninety-third year; and of Mr. John Lancaster, formerly M.P. for Wigan, who rose from humble beginnings to the ownership of the great mines of Nantyglo Blaina, Monmouthshire. The captain and several of the crew of the *Alabama*, after its engagement with the *Kearsage*, off Cherbourg, in 1864, were rescued by Mr. Lancaster, who, to save them, exposed his yacht to the fire of the Federal war-steamer.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK
FROM APRIL 17 TO APRIL 23 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during the past week, although fair on the whole and dry, has been very cold and searching. At the commencement of the period the barometer was falling somewhat over France, and rising over our islands, so that the gradients for easterly winds became rather steep in the south of England and Ireland. The wind now rose considerably, and by the evening of Thursday (17th inst.) a fresh easterly gale was felt at our south-eastern stations. The weather was cloudy to fair, and while cold showers fell at the northern stations, hail or sleet occurred in the south-eastern districts. Between Saturday (19th inst.) and Monday (21st inst.) pressure increased slowly over France and the south of England, while it remained fairly steady in the north, so that gradients became very slight, and the easterly and north-easterly breezes fell light nearly everywhere. The weather improved generally, and became very dry, but temperature still remained low.—During the closing days of the week pressure still continued very uniform over our islands, and while southerly breezes set in over Scotland and Ireland, easterly winds still held over the southern parts of England, weather and temperature remaining unchanged. In the south of London this morning (Wednesday) a temperature of 16° was recorded on the grass, while a temperature of 27° was registered by the sheltered thermometer. The barometer was highest (30.2 inches) on Tuesday (22nd inst.); lowest (29.85 inches) on Saturday (19th inst.); range, 0.17 inch. Temperature was highest (51°) on Wednesday (23rd inst.); lowest (27°) on Wednesday (23rd inst.); range, 24°. Rain has fallen on one day only. Total amount, 0.03 inch, which fell on Monday (21st inst.).



OSMAN DIGMA's frying-pan, taken from his tent at Tamasi, is one of the chief trophies of the Sudan campaign, brought home by the troops who returned this week.

A BICYCLE RIDE ACROSS THE UNITED STATES will be begun on May 1st by two Transatlantic cyclists, who propose to complete the journey between New York and San Francisco in seventy days.

"MARRY IN LENT, YOU'LL LIVE TO REPENT," says the old proverb, and English Church people are evidently still of this opinion. During the whole six weeks of Lent the *Times* front column only recorded 170 weddings in English churches, while on the four closing days of last week alone 141 marriages were recorded in Easter week.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE is ousting the French tongue in the Gallic colonies—so complains the manager of a large Paris publishing firm, who notes the falling-off of the French book trade. He states that far fewer people speak French than formerly, and that English is gaining ground, particularly in Tahiti, the French West Indies, and New Caledonia.

A PRECIOUS COLLECTION OF OLD ENGLISH ENGRAVINGS, fully illustrating the manners and customs of our ancestors, is now in the Paris Ecole des Beaux-Arts—the recent gift of M. Schœlcher. For many years, when in exile, M. Schœlcher carefully gathered English, Dutch, and Flemish prints, and his collection represents 1,700 out of 11,000 known engravings.

ORNAMENTED TAMBOURINES are the rage of the hour in Italy, and have quite superseded albums, scrapbooks, &c. They are far more elaborate than those now seen in London drawing-rooms, and while one is covered with autographs of celebrities, another is ornamented by sketches by some well-known artist or verses by a popular poet. Thus an autograph tambourine has been given to the Casamicciola lottery by the American representative's wife, covered with the signatures of political, literary, and artistic Transatlantic notorieties.

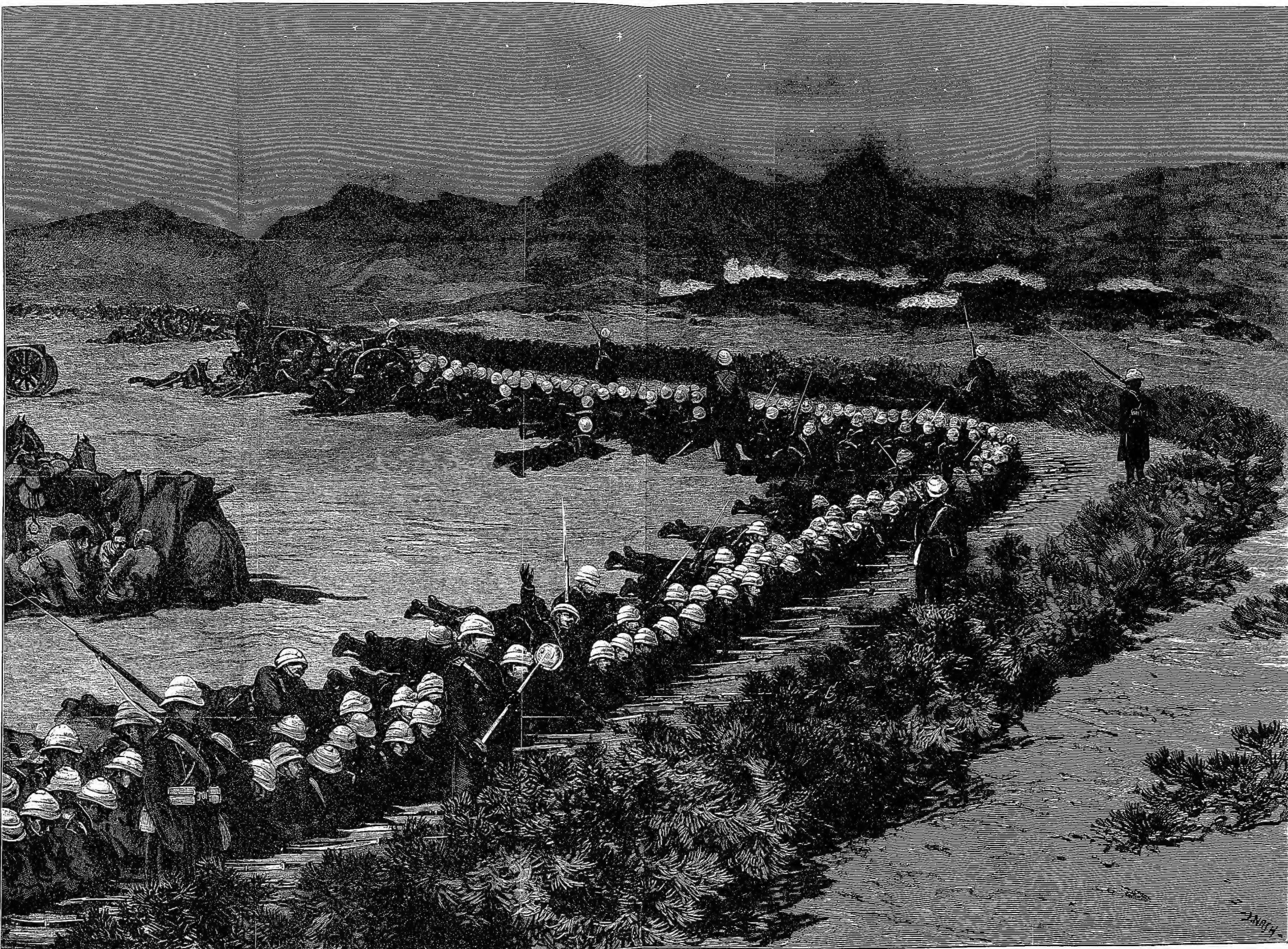
THE SCENE OF THE DOWNFALL OF THE FRENCH SECOND EMPIRE—Sedan—is to lose the last vestige of its former military power. As the town was not included in the new defensive plans the fortifications have already been levelled, but the War Minister has now ordered the demolition of the large donjon commanding the city, which has enormously high strong walls and vast subterranean passages. Sedan itself seems fairly contented in its now peaceful state, and has undergone wonderful changes within the last few years. Houses have sprung up beyond the old walls, commerce is improving, and the town is gradually becoming a handsome, prosperous, modern French city, contrasting curiously with the old-fashioned ways and appearance of its neighbours just across the Belgian border.

A COMPANION WORK TO M. MUNKACSY'S WELL-KNOWN "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE" has just been completed, and is exhibited in Paris this week, "Christ on the Cross." The artist has chosen the final moment of the Crucifixion, and represents our Lord drawing His last breath, and turning His head to the darkening Heaven, whence a single ray of light descends, and illumines the cross. The two thieves are placed in the background, while the Virgin clasps her son's feet, and the other Marys and St. John kneel weeping, their grief contrasting with the carelessness of the executioner, who stands by, hammer in hand, with his ladder over his shoulders. One guard sits by indifferently, another keeps back the crowd, some of whom are evidently uttering execrations, and a long file of people pass down from Calvary to the background, displaying the utmost variety of expression and feelings.

RABBIT-CATCHERS FOR NEW ZEALAND.—A hundred stoats and weasels have just been shipped to New Zealand, having been purchased by the Government of that country for the purpose of destroying the rabbits which overrun the colony. As the journey out will occupy about forty-five days, 1,500 live pigeons have been shipped for the consumption of the animals during the voyage. A consignment of about the same number was sent out last year; but during a storm all but ten of the stoats and weasels were washed overboard. These ten were liberated as soon as they landed, and within a few hours one of them destroyed seven ducks several miles distant from where it was set free. In New Zealand, as far as we are aware, there are no aboriginal quadrupeds of the weasel class; but in Australia the so-called "native cats" belong to this genus. They are destructive visitors to poultry-yards, but we have not heard whether they have yet begun a crusade against "Brer Rabbit." If they have, would it not be worth while transporting a few of them to New Zealand, a voyage of only 1,200 miles?

LONDON MORTALITY has decreased and increased respectively during the last two weeks, and 1,474 and 1,649 deaths have been registered, against 1,689 during the previous week, being 328 and 89 below the average, and at the rate of 19.1 and 21.4 per 1,000. These deaths included 8 and 11 from small-pox, 63 and 79 from measles, 20 and 23 from scarlet fever, 17 and 18 from diphtheria, 124 and 129 from whooping-cough, 23 and 16 from enteric fever, 1 and 1 from ill-defined forms of fever, 5 and 14 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and 1 last week from simple cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 285 and 318, the latter being 99 below the average. Different forms of violence last week caused 54 deaths, 43 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 17 from fractures and contusions, 3 from burns and scalds, 7 from drowning, 1 of a lead-worker from lead-poisoning, and 9 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Nine cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,429 and 2,568 births registered during the two last weeks, being 302 and 167 below the average. The mean temperature of the air during last week was 41.7 deg. and 5.9 deg. below the average.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES IN EGYPT are particularly rich just now. Professor Maspero has found a huge necropolis at Ekheem, in Upper Egypt, a town midway between Assiout and Thebes, the ancient Khemmis and the Panopolis of the Greeks. This vast cemetery probably contains some five or six thousand embalmed dead, for Professor Maspero has opened five tombs with a yield of 120 mummies, and has verified the site of over 100 similar graves, all intact. The necropolis dates certainly from the Ptolemaic period, or even earlier, and will furnish a fine harvest of papyri, jewels, and funeral treasures. Meanwhile, the excavations at Sān—the Biblical Zoan—are being considerably extended for the Egypt Exploration Fund by Mr. W. Flinders Petrie, notwithstanding the opposition of the neighbouring Sheikh, who wish to act as middlemen to the labourers employed. Mr. Petrie, however, keeps his 140 workers under his own control to prevent cheating, houses them, and pays them himself, with no small difficulty owing to the scarcity of small coin. A great deal of work has been done, shafts have been sunk, and huge trenches laid in all directions round the Temple, thus laying bare the various foundations and superstructures of centuries. Evidently there were two enclosures—one in very early ages, the other, probably belonging to the second reign of Pisebkhanu, of the 21st Dynasty. The latter extended round three sides of the temple, and was enormously strong, being 80 ft. thick, and even now 20 ft. high, while the bricks are colossal.



THE RECENT WAR IN THE SOUDAN—IN THE ZEREBA THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF TAMASI, MARCH 13
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



MATTERS IN EGYPT are going from bad to worse. General Gordon is sending despairing messages from Khartoum, Hussein Pasha Kalifa, the Governor of Berber, is urgently appealing for help, three hundred refugees and the garrison of Shendy have been massacred at El Baala while on their way down the Nile, the garrison of Kassala is surrounded by a strong force of rebels, and Osman Digma is striving to raise another army to attack Suakin. Meanwhile no steps are being taken either for the relief of Gordon or to stem the tide of the advancing Arabs, and the only sign made by the British Government has been to summon Sir Evelyn Baring home, to consult him regarding a settlement of Egypt's financial difficulties. It is also reported that a European Conference is to be summoned for this purpose. What with this inaction and Sir William Harcourt's speech, it is not surprising to hear of a deep feeling of discouragement in Egypt and of a council being held of Mr. Egerton, Sir Evelyn Wood, and Nubar Pasha, at which it was decided to recommend the British Government to despatch a mixed expedition of British and Egyptian troops for the relief of Berber. Gordon telegraphed to Sir Samuel Baker on the 8th inst., stating that he had received a "meagre" telegram from Sir Evelyn Baring, announcing that the British Government do not intend to send British troops to open the road to Berber, but that "negotiations are proceeding towards that purpose with the Arabs." Of such negotiations he speaks with utter distrust, and then, turning to his own situation, states that Khartoum is provisioned for five months only, that "we are hemmed in by some five hundred determined and two thousand rag-tag Arabs. . . . Senaar, Kassala, Dongola, and Berber," he proceeds, "are quite safe for the present." He then proposes that an appeal should be made to the millionaires of England and the United States to raise 200,000l. "Therewith," he continues, "you might obtain the permission of the Sultan of Turkey to lend us two or three thousand Nizams, and send them to Berber. With them we could not only settle our affairs here, but we could also do for the False Prophet, in whose collapse the Sultan is necessarily interested. I would put Zebehr in command." General Gordon, it is stated, has also telegraphed to Sir Evelyn Baring, expressing great indignation at his abandonment, and announcing that henceforward he will act upon his own responsibility.

At CAIRO all is quiet, though a disturbance was expected on Monday, that day being a Turkish festival and the Greek Easter. Nothing occurred, probably through the careful preparations which had been taken by the authorities to repress any movement. Sir Evelyn Baring left for England on Monday, leaving Mr. Egerton in charge. Nubar Pasha remains at the head of the Cabinet, and is apparently working more harmoniously with his British colleagues, but, together with the Khedive, is very anxious to send Egyptian troops to Berber. According to the latest accounts thence, that town is in the most critical condition, and communications are expected to be cut at any moment.

In FRANCE British affairs are exciting general attention, not merely with regard to Egypt, but respecting the Fenian and dynamite plotters, whose head-quarters are now undisguisedly in Paris. The *Times* correspondent has been interviewing various Irish notabilities in Paris, and has given an interesting account of their opinions. Thus, Mr. Patrick Casey, an enthusiastic advocate of the dynamite policy, declared that "if Ireland had an independent Parliament and a Volunteer force, she would win her independence in ten years. But inasmuch as I believe that no such measure can be secured to her by means of constitutional agitation, I have fallen back upon using the powers of science, even as far as dynamite." He thus prophesies the destruction of Transatlantic passenger steamers, and then of merchantmen. Mr. James Stephens, the old Fenian chieftain, condemns the dynamiters, whom he declares are "inspired and directed by miscreants," and pronounces such a policy, if continued, to be "the certain death of revolutionary action in Ireland during the present generation, if not for ever." Mr. John O'Leary, the ex-editor of the *Irish People*, also stigmatises the dynamite theory as both criminal and inexpedient, and looks forward to meeting Englishmen in the open field—"the only way to convince them." Thus, should war break out with Russia, the Czar could raise a Foreign Legion from amongst the Irish. As for Father Hogan, of the St. Sulpice College, he thinks the remedy is Home Rule, and that it will be eventually given to Ireland. "I consider Mr. Gladstone is the man who most understands Ireland, and he is striving to do the best he can for the country." There is also a report that the Fenian Brotherhood is being reorganised, and that it is to include all factions, from Parnellites to Invincibles. The Paris anarchists held a grand meeting on Monday, when an immediate insurrection in France was urged, and collections were made "Pour la Dynamite," and for an expelled anarchist.

In French political circles there is very little stirring; the chief home topic of discussion being the Transportation of Criminals Bill, which, if carried, will flood the Pacific Islands with French scoundrels of the deepest dye, and fully justify the worst apprehensions of the Australasians.—In the provinces, the Councils-General are holding their spring meetings.—Home matters being dull, English affairs, as we have said, have formed the chief topic of discussion, and the alleged proposals of the British Cabinet to summon a conference, and the interview of Lord Lyons with M. Jules Ferry on Tuesday, has given rise to much comment and criticism. The idea is not wholly liked, and a direct understanding with England to begin with is strongly advocated by the *Débats*. The *République Française* has a particularly disagreeable paragraph, declaring that, "In establishing herself as she has done in Egypt, England re-opens the Eastern Question. From amatter to be discussed between her and France, England has caused the greatest of European questions to arise. Does she, then, understand nothing with regard to the *rapprochement* between Russia and Germany?"—From Tonkin General Millot telegraphs that the rebels have retreated to northwards of that province, and the campaign is now declared to be over. The citadel of Hué will shortly be occupied by French troops.

The Ministerial changes in CHINA, however, are causing some uneasiness, as the generality of the Chinese people regard the disgrace of Prince Kung, and the accession of Prince Ch'un, as a condemnation of the peace policy and an earnest of more warlike measures. Still, the foreigners themselves do not wholly share this feeling, and are content to await some overt political act before definitively pronouncing against the new Ministry. Meanwhile, officials appointed by the previous régime continue to be disgraced and dismissed, and even Li Hung Chang has been impeached by the Board of Censors, and has been reprimanded privately by the Empress "for indifference and want of foresight in the discharge of his functions."

GERMANY has been chiefly concerning herself with the preparations for the Royal marriage at Darmstadt, to which more detailed reference is made in "Court," and with the health of the Emperor and Empress, the latter of whom is better, though still unable to leave her bed. Both the Reichstag and the Prussian Diet resumed their

sittings on Tuesday, but little of outside interest has taken place, and the chief political topic is the increased good feeling between Russia and Germany, manifested not only by the noteworthy assistance which the great financial house of Berlin is affording in the matter of a new loan, but by the fraternisation on the frontier of Teutonic and Muscovite officers, who, as a rule, have been rather the reverse of friendly. Nothing further is officially known of the retirement of Prince Bismarck from the Prussian Cabinet; but a semi-official statement announces that the Crown Prince will become President of the Prussian Council of State, should that body be re-established. This would give the Prince enhanced power in Government circles.

In TURKEY the Sultan has been entertaining the Crown Prince and Princess of Austria on a magnificent scale. The Austrian and Belgian community went up the Bosphorus to meet them in a fleet of Austrian Lloyd's steamers, and on landing, the Prince and Princess at once drove to the Palace allotted to them at Yildiz, where the Sultan warmly welcomed them. The Sultan has made exceedingly handsome presents to both of his guests, has decorated the Prince with the Order of the Osmanieh, and the Princess Stephanie with the Chekfat Order. The Prince and Princess have visited all the sights of the Turkish capital, and were to leave on Thursday for Varna. There they would be met by Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, and after partaking of the traditional bread and salt, would be entertained by a review before proceeding on their journey. Turning to Ottoman politics, the Greek Church difficulty is still unsettled; there has been a slight shifting of Ministerial portfolios—Hassan Fehmy Pasha being the new Minister of Justice—and there is considerable speculation with regard to the coming change in the Governorship of Eastern Roumelia. Russia is strenuously opposed to the reappointment of Aleko Pasha, as he is looked upon as too great a partisan of the Porte, and an address from the Eastern Roumelians, urging this step, met with a very cold reply from St. Petersburg. At the same time it was hinted that the agitation for union with Bulgaria was not any the more acceptable to the Czar and his advisers.

From INDIA comes the news that several proclamations of the Mahdi have been seized by the police, and that his agents have succeeded in distributing the proclamation in Persia and Arabia. A report is also current amongst the natives that the war in the Soudan was instigated by the Sultan and the Sheik-ul-Islam. The prospects of the crops in Northern India are still very bad, while the drought in Darjeeling will interfere with the tea crop. "So far," writes the *Times* correspondent, "the year has been characterised by excessive heat, great drought, and in most provinces an exceptionally high mortality, due chiefly to cholera and small-pox." The condition of the money-market also continues to cause serious disturbance to business. The bank-rate is now 10 per cent. in Calcutta and 11 per cent. in Bombay. It is generally admitted that business has not been so slack for many years, and that moreover it is showing no signs of revival. The works for the Quetta Railway are now being energetically taken in hand. The cost is estimated at 2,000,000l. In Afghanistan the Ameer's troops have again been defeated by the Mongols. The Russian annexation of Merv is stated to have created very little impression upon the Ameer. In Burmah a great fire has occurred at Mandalay, where the Great Temple of Gaudama Buddha has been destroyed—a calamity regarded as an evil omen by the Burmans, and surely indicative of the downfall of the Burman Empire.

Amongst MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we hear from BELGIUM that the Transvaal delegates have been warmly welcomed at Brussels, and have been entertained by the Mayor and Common Council. They have also been received in audience by the King. They have now gone on to Paris to visit M. Grévy.—In ITALY all is preparation for the opening of the Turin Exhibition by the King and Queen to-day (Saturday). In order to prevent extortionate prices being forced upon visitors the Municipality has arranged with a number of the hotels to charge no more than the ordinary tariff.—In AUSTRIA Hugo Schenk, the notorious murderer of servant girls, and his accomplice Schlossarek, were executed on Tuesday. Carl Schenk was reprieved, and sentenced to hard labour for life, with imprisonment one day in the year in a dark cell—the anniversary of his last murder.—From the UNITED STATES we hear that the Guion liner *Oregon* has made the fastest passage on record across the Atlantic—six days, ten hours, and thirty minutes. The Greely Relief Expedition has now received its final orders. The steamer *Bear* was to sail on Thursday, the *Thetis* on May 1, and *Alert* on May 10—the meeting place of the three vessels being Upernavik.—In CANADA the Dominion House of Commons has passed the Supply Bill for the estimated public expenditure for the coming year, amounting to 6,220,000l.—In CUBA, General Agüero's filibustering expedition appears to be a failure.—In SOUTH AUSTRALIA there has been a general election and a reconstruction of the Ministry, with the Hon. James Garden Ramsay as First Secretary.



THE QUEEN is enjoying good health at Darmstadt, where Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice duly arrived at the end of last week. Although the weather has been very cold, and snow has fallen heavily, the Queen has been out daily, driving through the Palace Gardens in a pony carriage in the morning, and making excursions in the afternoon with the Grand Duke and the Princesses. Thus on Saturday, after inspecting Princess Victoria's wedding presents, Her Majesty drove to the village of Nieder Ramstadt, a few miles from Darmstadt. On Sunday the Queen, with the Princesses and Grand Duke, attended Divine Service at the New Palace, where the British Chaplain, the Rev. King Cummin, officiated, and later the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia—the fiancé of Princess Elizabeth of Hesse—arrived, and joined the Royal party at dinner. Prince Leiningen arrived on Monday, and with Princess Leiningen visited Her Majesty, who in the morning drove to the Emil Garten, and in the afternoon visited the Mausoleum at the Rosenhöhe, to lay a wreath on Princess Alice's tomb. On Tuesday the Queen again spent the morning in the Emil Garten, and in the afternoon took a long drive in the beechwoods, besides receiving Countess Erbach Schoenberg—Princess Louis of Battenberg's eldest sister—with her husband and son. On Wednesday the Queen, with the Princess Victoria, the Hereditary Grand Duke, and the Marchioness of Ely, drove in an open carriage to Eberstadt, a village about five miles south of Darmstadt. Princess Beatrice, with the Grand Duke and Prince Irene of Hesse, visited Frankfurt. The Crown Princess of Germany was expected on Friday. Numerous other connections of the Royal Family have visited and dined with Her Majesty—Princess Charles of Hesse and Princes Henry and William, Prince Alexander, and the Princess of Battenberg.

Meanwhile the various Royal guests are assembling at Darmstadt for the wedding of the Princess Victoria and Prince Louis of Battenberg next Wednesday. The Crown Princess of Germany, with her two eldest daughters and two sons, was expected yesterday (Friday), the Crown Prince following early next week, when the Prince and Princess of Wales will also arrive. Probably the German Emperor will be present, if the Empress is well enough for

him to leave Berlin. The civil marriage ceremony will be solemnised first in the afternoon, before the Minister of State, and the religious rite will follow in the Castle Chapel at 5 P.M., witnessed by a large gathering of guests. Although the State Ball and Concert have been given up with some other festivities, there will be a gala performance of Mr. Mackenzie's *Colomba* on the eve of the wedding—not attended, however, by the Court, on account of their mourning; while Prince Alexander of Battenberg, father of the bridegroom, will give a *soirée* to the Grand Ducal Family. The Queen will leave Germany about May 4, and go to Balmoral on May 23.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have been at Sandringham, with Princess Louise, the Duke of Cambridge, and the two young Princes of Teck; and on Sunday the Royal party attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, where the Dean of Windsor preached. Next day the Duke of Cambridge left for town, and Prince Albert Victor returned to Cambridge to resume his studies at Trinity College. The Prince and Princess of Wales start for Darmstadt to-day (Saturday), travelling by Flushing.—It is rumoured that Prince Albert Victor will be raised to the Peerage as Duke of Dublin on attaining his majority next January, and will be given an Irish residence; while it is further reported that he will be gazetted to the Irish Fusiliers instead of entering the Guards, as customary with the Royal Princes.

The Duchess of Edinburgh gave birth to a daughter on Sunday morning—her fifth child and fourth daughter. Both the Duchess and her baby are doing well. The Duke, with the Channel Squadron, sailed from Malta on Monday for Gibraltar, and will probably be home about May 10.—A memorial to the Duke of Albany is being planned by the parishioners of Esher.—The Princess Louise has sent two pictures to the Royal Society of Water Colours—the head of a girl, life-size, and the *façade* of a church.



GERMAN OPERA.—The full prospectus of the German Opera performances at Covent Garden, under Herr Richter, was issued on Thursday. *Die Meistersinger* will be performed June 4th, 13th, July 11th; Dr. Stanford's *Savonarola*, June 18th, 27th; *Der Freischütz*, June 6th; *Lohengrin* (with Madame Albani), June 11th; *Fidelio*, June 20th; *Der Fliegende Holländer*, June 25th; *Tristan und Isolde*, June 2nd, 9th; and *Tannhäuser*, July 4th. The full casts have likewise been issued, and they include the names of several artists well known in Germany.

LONDON INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—This Exhibition was opened at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday with a concert, under Mr. Manns. It seems a pity that the Handel Festival Choir of 2,000 voices and a large orchestra of 250 performers were not utilised for a stronger programme. The only English music, besides the National Anthem, was Sullivan's chorus, "Sink and Scatter;" Bishop's serenade, "Sleep, Gentle Lady;" and the new *Te Deum*, by Sir G. A. Macfarren. A *pièce d'occasion* is proverbially indifferent; but, in the *Te Deum*, the greatest of our native musicians appears to have deliberately written down to the supposed level of a miscellaneous audience. The Austrian (by Haydn), German, and French national anthems, followed by "Rule, Britannia," for full orchestra, are utilised in the prelude in a manner better fitted for a promenade concert than for a national celebration. The best features of the *Te Deum* are a melodious soprano solo, sung by Madame Albani, and the manner in which "God Save the Queen" is worked into the fugal finale. The audience, however, recalled Sir George to the dais with enthusiasm. It may be added that the musical exhibits consist chiefly of pianos and American organs.

THE ENGLISH OPERA.—Mr. A. C. Mackenzie came expressly to London to conduct his *Colomba*, performed on Thursday by the Carl Rosa company at Drury Lane, and on Wednesday he left for Darmstadt, where the opera is to be performed on the 29th inst. in connection with the Royal Wedding *fêtes*. Madame Marie Roze sustained the character of the heroine, created by Madame Valleria (who, by the way, has this week returned from America), while Mr. M'Guckin and Mr. Ludwig resumed their original parts.—On Friday Miss Clara Perry essayed the arduous character of Mignon. It would be unfair to compare this young vocalist with the great artists who have previously played the heroine in M. Ambroise Thomas's opera, but the lady passed through the ordeal far better than was expected. The brilliant music of Filina was well sung by Madame Georgina Burns.—The production of *Lucia di Lammermoor* on Saturday was an artistic mistake. The Carl Rosa artists are not practised in Italian vocalism, and it would have been wiser to leave such operas alone. Mr. Maas, a somewhat tame Edgardo, however, sang the tenor music of the last act in a manner worthy his celebrity.—On Tuesday the revised version of Mr. Goring Thomas's *Esmeralda* was produced. An effective ballet and duet had been added to the second act, and the finale to the opera had been altered. Madame Burns as the heroine, Mr. M'Guckin as Phoebus, and Mr. Crotty as the hunchback bellringer of Notre Dame, were especially admirable.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.—The ninth season of the Richter Concerts commenced at St. James's Hall on Monday, when the programme was almost exclusively composed of the music of Wagner and Beethoven, in the direction of which the great Viennese conductor is unrivalled. The exception was the first Hungarian Rhapsody of Liszt—"glorified gipsy music," as it has been called—which is always popular at these concerts. The third Rhapsody had been announced for the first time here; but, owing to the non-arrival from Vienna of one of the special performers, it was postponed till later in the season. Wagner was represented by that *pièce d'occasion*, the *Huldigungs Marsch*, by his early *Ein Faust Overture*, and his latest work, the *Parsifal* prelude. The symphony was the *Eroica*, and the famous "Death March" has rarely been more impressively rendered. During the latter part of the week Herr Richter will give three orchestral concerts in Manchester and Liverpool.—The only novelty at the last Crystal Palace Concert of the series was a ballad, or rather a *scena*, "Archibald Douglas," by the late Carl Löwe, one of the most popular song composers of the Fatherland, but whose music is almost entirely unknown here. It was sung by Herr Max Friedländer. The symphony was the "Pastoral" of Beethoven, and the programme likewise included the *Meistersinger* prelude and Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Préludes." Mr. Manns' benefit is abandoned, and the concerts will be suspended till October.—On Thursday both the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society and the Strolling Players, under Viscount Folkestone, gave smoking concerts.—Out of respect to the memory of the Duke of Albany, Sir Arthur Sullivan, at Wednesday's Philharmonic Concert, conducted his own *In Memoriam* overture. Mr. John Francis Barnett, the conductor of the evening, directed Beethoven's early Symphony in D, and Madame Essipoff, who has not appeared in London since 1880, played Beethoven's E flat Concerto.

DR. VILLIERS STANFORD'S NEW OPERAS.—Dr. Villiers Stanford has narrowly missed the honour (unparalleled in British music) of producing within seven days two important grand operas. On Friday of last week his *Savonarola* was first performed at

Hamburg, and it has been eulogised by most of the German critics, usually by no means favourable to English music. The libretto is founded by Mr. Gilbert A'Beckett upon the story of the famous Dominican monk and reformer, who was burnt at the stake at Florence in 1498. Herr Hans Richter is now studying the opera with a view to its production in German at Covent Garden in June. —Dr. Stanford's new opera, *The Canterbury Pilgrims*, was announced by Mr. Carl Rosa for Thursday, but as it would then have had to be given without a full-dress rehearsal (now fixed for Friday), it has been postponed till Monday next.

MR. WILLING'S CHOIR.—This choir concluded their third season on Tuesday by a first performance in London of Mr. Alfred Cellier's setting of Gray's "Elegy," written for the last Leeds Festival, and by the production of a cantata, *Parisadeh*, by Mr. Wilfred Bendall. The composer has been weighted by a feeble libretto founded on a Persian legend, but his music is graceful, and replete with pretty melodies, while otherwise it is simple and unpretentious, lacking depth on the one hand, and character on the other. The performance, by Misses Mary Davies and M'Kenzie and Mr. King, with Mr. Willing as conductor, left little or nothing to be desired.

WAIFS.—Madame Patti is expected to sail for London on May 3. She has, as yet, signed no American contract for next season. —Mr. A. C. Mackenzie has finished his cantata, *The Rose of Sharon*, intended for the Norwich Festival. It will shortly be published by Messrs. Novello. —Dr. Von Bülow, who is daily expected in London, has been deprived by the Emperor of his title of Court Pianist, owing to the pianist's dispute with Count von Hülsen. —Madame Valleria will make her first appearance this season at Mr. Boosey's Afternoon Ballad Concert on May 3. —Mr. Walter Goldschmidt, eldest son of the once-famous Madame Jenny Lind, was married last week to a daughter of Colonel James Le Geyt Daniell. —Herr Richter has brought from Vienna the score and MS. parts of the new Brahms' Symphony No. 3, which he will be the first to produce in this country. —Anton Dvorák has undertaken to write a new German opera, the libretto by Herr Hugo Witmann, of Vienna.



THROUGH THE DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF RIPON, the Bishop of Liverpool obtains a seat in the House of Lords, of which he becomes Chaplain as last-appointed of the Prelates entitled to sit in it.

PRESIDING OVER THE OPENING MEETING OF THE YORK CONVOCATION, the Archbishop of York expressed his opinion that, after twenty years' experience, the sitting together of the two Houses had been a comparative failure. The present, his Grace said, was a critical period in the history of the Church. Disestablishment was not only possible, but might soon become actual. —The contest for the Prolocutorship, which has excited considerable interest in the Northern Province, was decided by the election of the Dean of York, who received thirty-three votes to the twenty-six given to Archdeacon Hamilton.

THE HEALTH OF THE BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S, as preacher this year of the Spital Sermon, was proposed by the Lord Mayor at the Easter banquet given by him at the Mansion House. In returning thanks, the Bishop spoke of the injury done in the past to the Church in Wales by appointing Bishops ignorant of Welsh. Now, however, all the Welsh Bishops could minister to the people in their native tongue, and three out of the four were Welshmen by birth.

ONLY 1,210£ remains to be raised to complete the sum of 20,000£, the subscription of which was made, by Mr. Gladstone, a condition precedent to the establishment of a separate Bishopric of Bristol.

AN ANONYMOUS BENEFACTOR has placed 10,000£ at the disposal of the Bishop of Worcester to be applied in making additional provision for the spiritual wants of Birmingham, with which town, seemingly as an owner of property, the donor is connected.

THE REV. RICHARD YOUNG, missionary at St. Andrew's, Red River, has been nominated by the Primate to the new See formed by the division of the Diocese of Altabasca.

AT A FAREWELL MEETING to a Congregational minister who was leaving Nelson, New Zealand, for Dunedin, the Bishop of Nelson, the President of the Wesleyan Conference, and the head of the New Zealand Congregational Union appeared together on the platform, and made speeches in consonance with the object of the gathering.

REFERRING TO SOME RECENT COMMENTS on a statement concerning the Church of England, alleged in "Bishop Wilberforce's Life" to have been made by him many years ago, Cardinal Newman has just expressed himself thus:—"What I have ever said, and do say now, is that if the Established Church was removed a powerful obstacle to the spread of unbelief in England would be removed with it. This I said in a letter, as it happens, only last night."

THE HOUSE IN WHITECHAPEL fixed on as the head-quarters of the Oxford Mission at the East End is to be called Toynbee Hall. To the 9,000£, which will be required at starting an Oxford graduate has promised 1,000£, if 5,000£ more can be raised within the year.

THE VICAR OF HAMMERSMITH contradicts Lord Brabazon's recent statement that a faculty has been obtained for building a Rectory House on the churchyard of St. Paul's, Hammersmith. No such design has been even mooted.

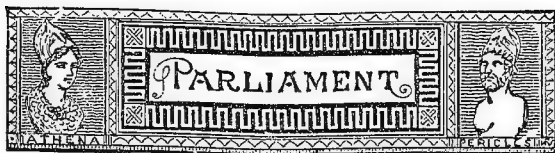
THE RECTOR OF LUDGERSHALL, Bucks, appeals for subscriptions to execute a "reverent restoration" of his church, in which Wycliffe ministered from 1368 until his settlement at Lutterworth in 1375. The church of Ludgershall, built in the reign of Edward I., has escaped the modern renovators, but is much in need of substantial repair.

M. JUSSEURAND, one of the Vice-Presidents of the New Shakespearean Society, in a letter written in French protests through the Press against the contemplated enlargement of the church at Stratford-upon-Avon, in which the remains of Shakespeare repose. The projected enlargement would, he thinks, be fatal to the "venerable" edifice. Having regard to the other funeral monuments which it contains, M. Jusseurand considers it, with something of French exaggeration, the Westminster Abbey of Stratford.

THE REV. R. N. YOUNG, Secretary to the Wesleyan Conference, and the Rev. S. Whitehead, of Manchester, have left England for the United States in order to represent the British Conference at the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which is to be held in Philadelphia next month.

ACCORDING TO A STATEMENT by one of the Secretaries of the Sunday School Union, the number of Sunday School teachers in the United Kingdom may be estimated at 674,074, and of scholars 6,060,677. For our colonies and dependencies the figures given are 760,255 teachers, and 6,825,708 scholars; and for the United States teachers 932,283, and scholars 6,820,835.

AT THE SALE OF LORD GOSFORD'S LIBRARY on Tuesday the first volume of the famous Mazarin Bible brought 500£.



BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT met on Monday after the Easter recess, and no time was lost in resuming the hail of questions about Egypt which had been interrupted by the holidays. In the Lords there seems to have been a strange, and certainly an unfounded, expectation that Lord Granville was so bursting with desire to add one more to the countless statements made on the subject by various members of the Government that, even without being asked, he would come forward and answer questions. Failing to do this Lord Carnarvon took care when the House met on Tuesday that the Foreign Secretary should not have further excuse for silence, and in asking a question made a prodigious speech. Earl Granville replied, and Lord Salisbury contributed a lively philippic; but nothing else came of it. Nor has anything more been gained in the other House by the innumerable questions that nightly patter round the Treasury Bench. These habitually take the form of seeking verification or denial from Ministers of statements which appear in the morning's newspapers. There is always a full supply of these, and though they do not invariably turn out to be accurate they serve the purpose of laying the foundation of a question from Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, Mr. Chaplin, or Lord Randolph Churchill.

It was noticeable on Monday night that Sir Stafford Northcote, though in his place, did not assume the customary duty of Leader of the Opposition in interrogating the Government. The Front Bench did not indeed leave all the inquiries to the *frondeurs* behind. But it was Mr. Bourke who appeared as spokesman for the late Ministry. Again, on Tuesday, when the crisis came on the Cattle Plague Bill, it was not Sir Stafford Northcote, but Sir Michael Hicks-Beach who rushed to the front, and indignantly denounced the Government for moving to report progress in order that they might take time to consider the position in which the division just taken had placed them. Sir Stafford Northcote evidently is losing all taste for his joyless position, and since Lord Randolph Churchill's fiat for his deposition has gone forth he is bent upon quietly effacing himself, a work which when completed will inflict irreparable loss upon the Conservative Party.

Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, is not only back in his place, but is evidently prepared to make the fullest use of his convalescence. On Monday he took upon himself the whole task of replying to questions on foreign policy. After this episode was over the House lapsed into the dulness of disputation over the duties of Procurators Fiscal in Scotland, of the "impropriety" of practising solicitors being also postmasters, and of the working of the Allotments Act. After lingering about the Bench for something like an hour, the Premier went away, and it seemed a reasonable conclusion that, since there was nothing for him to do, and since he was still in the doctor's hands, he had gone home to spend a quiet evening, "and so to bed," as Mr. Pepys says. But at ten o'clock he was back again, though careful to intimate, by taking his seat at the lower end of the Treasury Bench, that he was there merely as a spectator. The place is too fascinating for him to leave it as long as his footsteps can drag him thither. So, whilst little absences of economy at the Royal Palaces were discussed, whilst the internal arrangement of the Royal Mews was being explained away, whilst Mr. Labouchere was sternly putting his question, "What becomes of the foals at Hampton Court Studhouse?" and whilst the disposition of the Wellington monument was being discussed, the Prime Minister sat leaning half forward from the Treasury Bench, listening as intently as if he were a stranger enjoying his first visit to the House of Commons.

Being there, much of the conversation was directed at him. Lord Randolph Churchill made several distinct attempts to draw him into the discussion. The Premier's hands twitched nervously over the blotting-pad which he held in them, and he was evidently yearning to be in the fray. But he succeeded in overcoming desire, and Lord Randolph was baffled in the attempt which usually proves too easy of accomplishment. Nevertheless the Premier permitted himself the treat of remaining till nearly one o'clock in the morning, voting in the division on the Wellington statue. This division was a very near shave for the Government. It arose on a question of a vote for 2,000£, on account of the improvements designed at Hyde Park Corner. Lord Richard Grosvenor may, perhaps, be forgiven if it did not enter into his mind that there were half a hundred members of the House of Commons who so greatly admire the statue of the Duke—of late so slowly descended to the level of astonished Londoners—as to desire to see it reinstated. It is true that the attack on the arrangements of the First Commissioner were led by practical jokers like Lord Randolph Churchill and Sir Robert Peel, but when it came to a division it was found that they carried fifty-one members with them, the Government being able hastily to muster only fifty-four to defend the vote.

It would have been an awkward thing had they met with a rebuff here. But worse befel them on Tuesday. For the third time a morning sitting was allotted for consideration of the Cattle Plague Bill. Twice it has been met by the simple process of talking it out. On Tuesday the Opposition found themselves on firmer ground. There had been a strong whipping-up of Irish Members, principally with the object of making a House at the evening sitting, when Mr. Biggar was to champion the rights of the Irish nuns in conventual schools to an equality of remuneration with School Board teachers. It was well known that the Liberal County Members would oppose the resolution, by which Mr. Dodson, on the part of the Government, sought to eliminate from the Bill the Lords' amendment. This would, to some extent, be counterbalanced by the desertion of Conservative Members for boroughs. But counting noses, it was very certain that the Government could be defeated in the Division Lobby. Accordingly, where formerly the tactics had been those of delay, there was now a burning desire to press forward to a division. Mr. Biggar offered a few words on going into Committee, but his amendment was not pressed, and the House was presently engaged upon the Clauses of the Bill. Mr. Howard's amendment was also withdrawn, and then came the critical issue.

In the House of Lords the Bill, as introduced by Lord Carlingford, had been altered so as practically to prohibit the importation of cattle from foreign countries. Upon any day the Privy Council, acting upon the strict injunction of the Bill, might be compelled to shut out America and Canada from the English market. This was a prospect naturally pleasing to representatives of an agricultural and stock-producing country like Ireland, and not less to the English and Scotch agricultural interest. The fewer cattle imported the higher would go the price of home cattle, and the richer would be the producer. Before this magic touch of gold all Party links fell asunder. Liberals voted with Conservatives, Conservatives of exceptionally acrid type, like Lord Randolph Churchill and Baron de Worms, found themselves in the same lobby as Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Gladstone. It was reduced to its elements, a simple question of Dear Meat or Cheap, and by a majority of 24 in a House of 346 members Dear Meat won. This was a very serious matter both in its general bearing and in its particular signification as a defeat of the Government. Mr. Dodson straightway moved to report progress in order that the Government

might consider their position, and on the day *The Graphic* is published the decision will be made known.

Tuesday night the Irish members managed to retain for themselves, discussing the question of the remuneration of teachers in conventual institutions. Mr. Trevelyan was not able to meet their views, and they took a division, hoping to surprise the Government on a night when their supporters had dispersed under the common impression that there would be a count-out. Sufficient members were, however, brought together to defeat the proposal, and then at one o'clock in the morning, a little late to be useful, the inevitable count-out was accomplished. Wednesday melancholy and the Irish members also marked as their own, discussing a Bill introduced by Colonel Nolan for the compulsory provision of (other people's) sites for churches, schoolhouses, and teachers' residences.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

AN Exhibition illustrating the latest developments of Science and Art was opened, on Wednesday, at the Crystal Palace, in a somewhat incomplete condition. The pictures in oil and water-colours, occupying a series of rooms, constructed for the purpose, in one of the galleries, form at present its most important feature. The display is of a thoroughly cosmopolitan character, almost every school of Art in Europe being represented. The best of the English pictures have been exhibited before, but many of them have sufficient merit to justify their reappearance. Sir Frederick Leighton's nude female figure on the seashore, "Psamathe," is among them; and his fine portrait of "Captain Richard Burton." Nothing could well be more characteristic and life-like than this head, or more complete than its modelling of form. Near it hangs one of Miss Clara Montalba's best oil pictures, representing a group of picturesque "Venetian Boats," full of suffused light, and glowing with rich and well-harmonised colour.

Among other noteworthy pictures in this section of the Exhibition are Mr. Heywood Hardy's "Meg Merrilies," Mr. F. W. W. Topham's "Morning of the Festival," and Mr. John Burr's "Home Shadows." The only work by Mr. Millais is "Little Mrs. Gamp," which long since became widely known by the reproduction of it issued with this journal. It is the largest and most important of a large number of pictures and drawings entirely filling one room. They include excellent works, many of which we have already noticed, by Mr. Calderon, Sir F. Leighton, Mr. Leslie, Mr. Herkomer, Mr. C. Green, and Mr. W. Small.

The foreign pictures, with few exceptions, are now exhibited in England for the first time. Conspicuous among them by its very large size is M. Paul Soyer's "La Grève des Forgerons," to which a medal was awarded when it was exhibited at the Paris Salon in 1882. It displays a grasp of character and a power of dramatic realisation not often seen in the work of so young a painter. A similar subject has been very ably treated by Schulz-Briesen in his picture of "A Fight in the Dancing Room, Tyrol." By Hierl-Deronco, of Munich, there is an interesting picture, representing the arrest of Louis XVI. and his family at Varennes. The technical shortcomings of the work are serious; but the well-known incident is graphically set forth, the gestures of the subordinate figures, as well as those of the principal actors in the scene, being expressive and appropriate. The beauty of colour and the executive mastery that these pictures lack are to be seen in the domestic scene, "The Convalescent," by the Belgian painter, A. Stevens, which is erroneously classed among the French works. It is of ancient date, but it shows the best qualities of the veteran artist's style. At the time of our visit, many pictures belonging to the Dutch and Scandinavian schools were not on the walls, nor were the promised examples of sculpture visible. In addition to these the Exhibition will eventually include engravings and etchings from various sources, and many decorative designs.



AUDIENCES at the ST. JAMES'S Theatre may be said to have confirmed the verdict of the Parisian public upon *Le Maître de Forges*, for the applause which was bestowed upon the first performance of Mr. Pinero's translation, entitled *The Ironmaster*, was absolutely without a dissentient voice. Its story, however, is far from being a pleasing one, and weaker acting, or a less liberal and judicious *mise-en-scène*, might have produced a less satisfactory result. M. Ohnet's novel, which has been so dexterously converted by the author into a play, tells the story of a charming woman who retaliates upon a faithless lover by marrying an honest worthy admirer for whom she has no atom of regard. Such acts have doubtless been done under the influence of wounded self-love; but rarely, we should conceive, with such cold-blooded indifference as Claire de Beaurépé is made to display. This lady having herself brought about her hasty marriage with the "Ironmaster," wantonly insults her husband on her wedding day, and in return for his affectionate advances confesses that she still loves her old and faithless *fiancé*. How evil communications tend to corrupt good manners is thereupon exemplified by the strange conduct of the bridegroom, who though he has hitherto appeared as a chivalrous and honourable gentleman, suddenly announces his intention of persecuting the lady for the rest of his life with a persistence which is to know no relenting. In the piece as originally played in Paris three acts of petty persecution and cruel insult followed upon these threats, reconciliation being only effected when the lady, who has long before repented bitterly of her shortcomings, receives a serious wound through interposing between her husband and her quondam *fiancé* in a duel. The play is now reduced to four acts; but still the spectator's feelings are shocked by the brutal indignities and humiliations which this implacable husband does not scruple to heap upon his wife in satisfaction of his own thirst for revenge. Naturally an audience can feel but little sympathy with a hero and heroine of this sort. Fortunately, however, they can admire the power and pathos of Mrs. Kendal's acting, and can do justice to a performance of the part of the husband by Mr. Kendal, which, though somewhat out of the range of that actor's means, presents many admirable touches of art. The play, indeed, is very well acted throughout. A couple of lovers of the *ingénue* class, played by Miss Webster and Mr. George Alexander, gave marked satisfaction to the audience; as did the less pleasing but decidedly clever impersonation of the spiteful Athenais by Miss Vane, and the highly finished performance of the part of the faithless young Duke by Mr. Henley. Other performances deserving of mention are Mr. J. F. Young's Moulinet, Mrs. Gaston Murray's Madame de Beaurépé, Mr. Maclean's Béchelin, and Miss L. Dietz's Baroness.

The opening of the EMPIRE Theatre makes an important addition to the list of London playhouses. Its interior is brilliant, and suggestive in every way of comfort and convenience; and its handsome and commodious *foyer* and promenades are likely to be appreciated by its patrons. M. Hervé's *Chilpéric*, with which the house opened, is not, indeed, either a novel or a great work, even

(Continued on page 402)



THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH
Born November 25, 1806. Died April 16, 1884



HENRY JAMES BYRON
Dramatist and Actor
Born 1835. Died April 11, 1884



RIGHT REV. ROBERT BICKERSTETH, D.D.
Bishop of Ripon
Born August 24, 1816. Died April 15, 1884

THE LATE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH,

Who had been sinking for some days, died early on the morning of Wednesday, April 16th, at Bowhill, his Selkirkshire seat, in his seventy-eighth year. He was born November 25th, 1806, and was the second son of his father, who was then Earl of Dalkeith, but who subsequently became Duke of Buccleuch. The Peer recently deceased succeeded to the family honours at the age of thirteen. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge. When a boy of sixteen, he entertained George IV. on his visit to Scotland in 1822. Sir Walter Scott took a great interest in the lad, as is shown by the following passage from his Diary (1823):—"The Duke has grown up into a graceful and apparently strong young man. I think he will be well qualified to sustain his difficult and important task. His heart is excellent, so are his talents, with good sense, and a knowledge of the world. God bless him!" His Grace, who was possessed of vast landed property and immense wealth, was a most amiable, munificent, and excellent nobleman, beloved by his tenants, and respected everywhere. For many years he had been the recognised head of the Conservative party in Scotland, but the Scottish movement for a testimonial to him not long ago successfully started, and now in progress, was a national one, and cordially promoted by Scotchmen of all political opinions. The Duke of Buccleuch was successively Lord Privy Seal and President of the Council during the second Administration of Sir Robert Peel, who, it has been said, wished him to undertake the Premiership when he himself became a convert to Corn Law Repeal. His Grace is succeeded by his eldest son, the Earl of Dalkeith, with whom Mr. Gladstone engaged in the memorable contest of 1880 for the representation of Mid-Lothian.

The present Duke was born in 1831, and in 1859 married Lady Louisa Jane Hamilton, third daughter of James, Duke of Abercorn. By her he has a family of six sons and two daughters.

Our portrait is from a photograph by Alexander Bassano, 25, Old Bond Street, W.

THE LATE MR. H. J. BYRON

UNDER the head of "Theatres" we gave some account of Mr. Byron last week. His grandfather was first cousin to the poet, Lord Byron, his father was British Consul at Hayti. He himself was born at Manchester in 1835, and was educated, first at a school in Essex, and then at St. Peter's College, Eaton Square. He was intended for the Navy, but declined the cadetship which was procured for him, then he essayed surgery, suddenly exchanging that profession for the life of a provincial actor. After some experience of a theatrical career, he studied law in the Middle Temple, rather to please his friends than himself. Dramatic yearnings still possessed him, and fired by the success of a burlesque by the late F. Talfourd, he resolved to do likewise. His parody of *Fra Diavolo* was accepted by the management of the Strand Theatre, and brought out there in 1858. Thenceforward his walk in life was clearly marked out for him. A long succession of burlesques was followed by an equally abundant number of comedies, in some of which he performed in a quaint and amusing, though somewhat stereotyped style. *Our Boys*, not his best, but his most successful play, has been heard and seen wherever the English language is spoken, and that nowadays means in all the five divisions of the globe. Mr. Byron was for some time editor of *Fun* (during which period he introduced the "Bab Ballads" to the public), also of the *Comic News*, and of *Mirth*.

He wrote a clever novel, "Paid in Full," and many sprightly paragraphs in *Punch* and elsewhere. He was perhaps the most ingenious punster that this country has produced since the death of Thomas Hood the elder. His health had long been failing, and his

death, which took place at his house in Clapham Park, on Good Friday, April 11th, was not unexpected by his friends.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

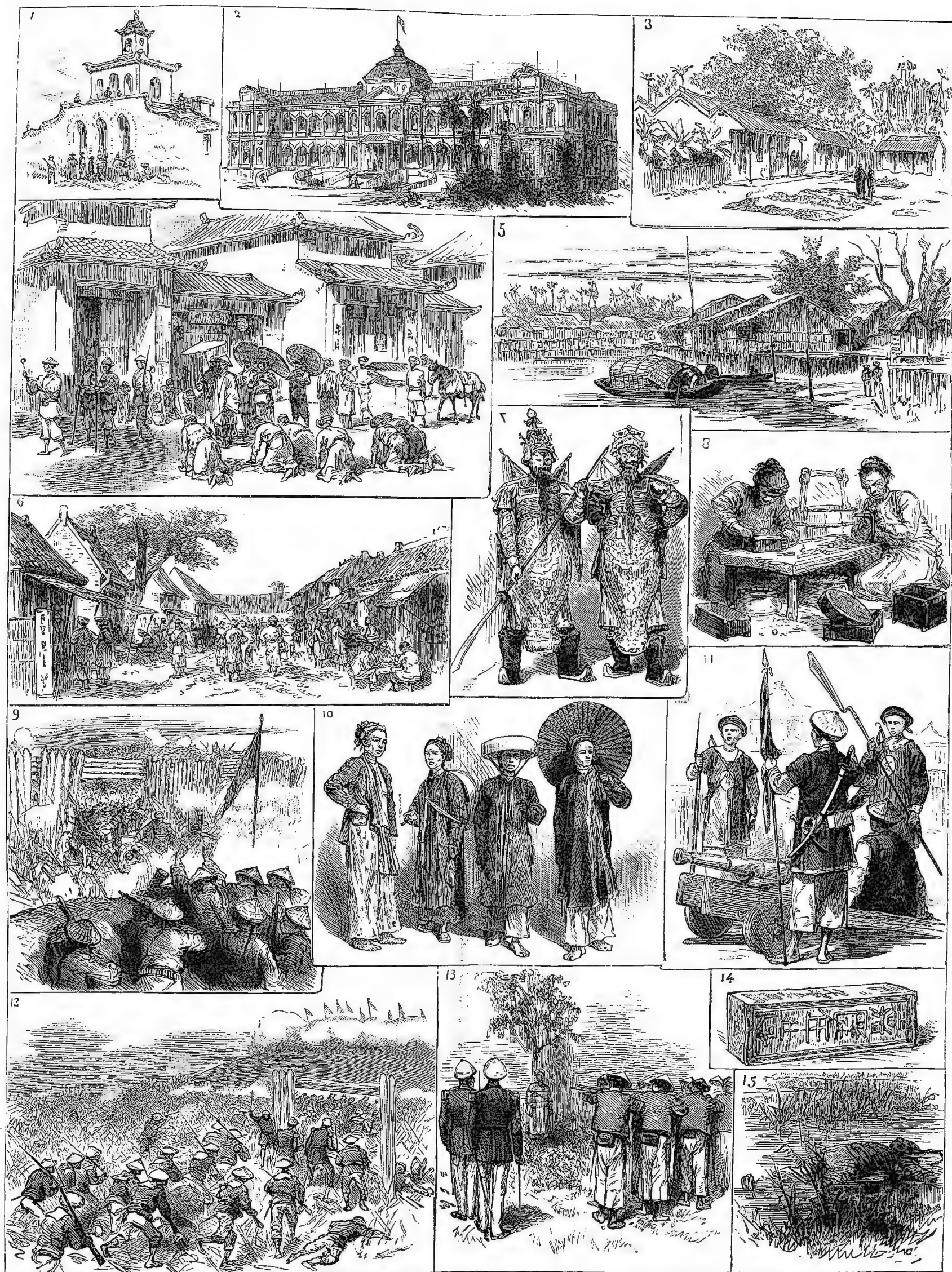
THE LATE BISHOP OF RIPON

DR. BICKERSTETH, BISHOP OF RIPON, whose health had been failing for some time, died on April 15th, in his sixty-eighth year, at the Palace, Ripon, to which he had recently returned after wintering at Bournemouth. Born in 1816, he was the fourth son of the Rev. John Bickersteth, Rector of Sapcote, Leicestershire, and the nephew of the late Lord Langdale and of the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, the well-known Evangelistic Rector of Watton. Educated for the medical profession, he had been admitted a member of the College of Surgeons, when he resolved to become a clergyman, and entered himself at Queen's College, Cambridge. Ordained in 1841, in 1845 he became Incumbent of St. John's, Clapham; in 1851, Rector of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields; in 1854 he was appointed a Canon Residentiary of Salisbury, and was one of the representatives of the Evangelical clergy who were raised to the Episcopate during the Premiership of Lord Palmerston. In January, 1857, at the early age of forty, he was consecrated Bishop of Ripon, on Dr. Longley's translation to the See of Carlisle; and was thus, at the time of his death, in point not of years, but of Episcopal tenure, our oldest Bishop. He was an active member of such organisations as the Church Missionary Society and the Church Pastoral Aid Society, and by all these bodies, as by the clergy of his Diocese, and the Evangelical section of the Church of England generally, his death will be sincerely regretted. Dr. Edward Bickersteth, the present Dean of Lichfield, is a younger brother of the late Bishop of Ripon.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.



ZEBEK PASIA

THE GREAT SLAVE DEALER, WHOM GENERAL GORDON WISHES TO APPOINT AS GOVERNOR OF THE SOUDAN



1. Magazine in the Citadel of Hanoi.—2. Palace of the Governor at Saigon.—3. Mission Houses at Bo-Liéou.—4. A Street in Hanoi.—5. A Ferry near Hué.—6. Street in the Business Quarter at Hué.—7. Costumes at the Theatre at Hué: Warriors.—8. Tonkinese Workmen Inlaying Mother-of-Pearl.—9 and 12. Marine Fusiliers Under Admiral Courbet Storming the Approach to the Chinese Quarter at Sontay.—10. Natives of Tonkin.—11. Annamite Soldiers at Hué.—13. A File of Cochinchinese Auxiliaries Shooting an Annamite Mandarin.—14. A Bar of Silver Found in Sontay Citadel.—15. Dead Chinese Soldiers in a Moat at Sontay.

THE FRENCH IN TONKIN
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN TONKIN

with the improvements which Mr. Farnie has introduced; but the brilliancy of the mounting, aided by the skilful use of the portable electric lights, is very striking. Certainly, the very numerous company which the management has recruited is capable of anything in the way of those *opera-bouffe* performances which appear to be the chosen province of the new theatre.

Mr. Wyndham and his company, returning from America after a long absence, have reappeared at the CRITERION, which has been reconstructed, redecorated, and greatly improved. In the farcical comedy of *Brighton*, the popular actor-manager and his associates received once more a hearty welcome. At the close of the performance Mr. Wyndham addressed the audience in a brief, rattling speech, which appeared to give great satisfaction.

The much-expected revival of the *Rivals*, at the HAYMARKET, is announced for Saturday next. On the same night, or more probably on the Monday following, Mr. Lawrence Barrett will appear as Richelieu, in Lord Lytton's play, for the first time, at the LYCEUM.

Mr. Bartley Campbell's American play, *My Partner*, has not proved to be much to the taste of OLYMPIC audiences. Its place will shortly be taken by a new play, entitled *Haunted Lives*, in which Miss Rose Leclercq will appear.

The late Mr. Byron's comedy, *Uncle*, and the same writer's burlesque, *Der Freischütz*, have been revived at the GAIETY, supported by the whole strength of Mr. Hollingshead's company.

A farcical comedy, called *Not a Word*, adapted from the French by Mr. Owen Dove, will be brought out at the AVENUE Theatre on Monday next. Mr. Dove, together with other popular performers, will play in his own piece.



THE TURF.—A bout of cold wind and almost wintry weather was not conducive to enjoyment this week on the classic but exposed Downs of Epsom. But the public and the punters were not to be denied, and shivered there in their thousands, and for the most part lost their money. The two great handicaps fell to animals but little fancied, the "certainties" not coming off, and the sporting prophets being floored to a man. The Great Metropolitan on the Tuesday showed somewhat of a revival, ten animals of very fair quality going to the post. Of course Loch Ranza, on the strength of his Newmarket running, though he was beaten easily enough by Scot Free in the Craven Stakes last week, was made a hot favourite at less than 2 to 1 against him, but could only get third to Zadiq, the winner, and Sea See. It may be noted, however, that he was giving many pounds to each of these; and it is a curious fact that all the three placed horses were three-year-olds, a coincidence which has not happened since The Drummer, Lancet, and Alpenstock were 1, 2, 3 in 1869. Out of the twenty-one starters for the City and Suburban on Wednesday, St. Blaise, the Derby winner of last year, with Archer, almost invincible over this course, on his back, was made a very hot favourite, starting at only a shade over 3 to 1. But though he was looking dangerous a short distance from home, he collapsed, and was soon passed by Lord Bradford's Quicklime and that sterling mare, Thebas, the former winning by three lengths. Neither St. Blaise nor Florence, the second favourite, got a place; and the winner started at 20 to 1. He does not seem to have been fancied at any time in the market previous to the race. Backers of favourites fared a little better in the important two-year-old Westminster Stakes, won by Empress Queen, who started second in demand after the Red Rag colt; but she failed to give them another turn in the Hyde Park Plate, for which she was made first favourite. Curiously enough within a few hours of the suggestion made last week that it would be well to name the Adelaide filly, she received the title of Queen Adelaide, and the event was celebrated in the very unpleasant dethronement from her premiership in the Derby market, in consequence of a rumour of her having been beaten in a trial.—The Turf is to be congratulated on the appointment of Lord Suffolk as a Steward of the Jockey Club. He is a zealous but most judicious reformer; and it is likely soon to be seen that he is not a mere ornamental office-holder.—The sale of Lord Falmouth's horses in training will take place at Newmarket, on the 28th inst. It will be without reserve.—By the way talking of "Lords," we had almost forgotten to note the coincidence that the last five City and Suburbans, including that of Wednesday last, have been won by "Lords."

COURSING.—The end of the coursing season is generally followed by greyhound sales of interest. Judging from that held at the Barbican Repository, on Saturday last, breeding greyhounds must be a pretty profitable pursuit, unless very bad luck sets in. Seven saplings, by the well-known Alec Halliday—Glen Rosa, fetched close on 500/. Light o' London, the winner of thirty-one out of thirty-six courses, realised 140/.

CRICKET.—A Special General Meeting of the M.C.C. was held at Lord's, on Monday last, to pass the laws of cricket as revised last summer by the Committee. As passed, the new Code is substantially the same as the draft offered for acceptance. The most important alterations are those carried by Lord Harris with a large majority in Law 48, the gist of which is to the effect that, if the umpire is not satisfied of the absolute fairness of the delivery of any ball, he shall call "no ball." If umpires will only make up their minds to act fearlessly, they will have the united support of all whose support is worth having in the cricket field. A proposal by Mr. I. D. Walker that all one-day matches, when not played out, should be decided by the first innings, was carried. Mr. Boyle was not present to propose the reduction of the legal width of the bat. Altogether the new Code seems to give great satisfaction in the cricketing world.—Some of the Australian team have already arrived, and all will be with us next week.

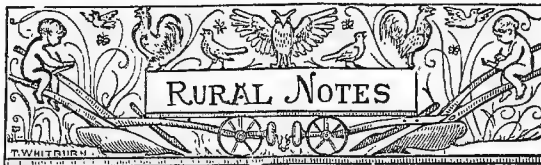
FOOTBALL.—The footballists are still alive and kicking, though May is close at hand. Upton Park for the second year has won the London Cup; and among interesting Association games recently played may be mentioned those between Notts Forest and Lincoln; Heart of Midlothian and Queen's Park, Glasgow; and Blackburn Rovers and Sheffield (Wednesday), in which the first named in each pair were the victors. It must be noted, however, that Queen's Park played but a weak team.—For the Lancashire Association Cup, Blackburn Rovers have beaten the Blackburn Olympics.—The season now ending, has been a very spirited one, the popularity of the game in both its forms being still on the increase; but more than the usual number of fatal and serious accidents have had to be recorded. The usual outcry against the "brutality" of the game has of course been raised; but, whatever modifications might be made in both the Rugby and Association games, we should still have a dangerous element in them if played with vigour, and without this they would not be worth playing. To their verdict on one of these fatal cases a jury added a rider to the effect that, in their opinion, "charging" should be made illegal in Association games. Perhaps fast bowling and hard hitting at cricket, and jumping in the hunting-field, had better be forbidden.

BILLIARDS.—A "tall" break was that of W. Mitchell in the tournament at the Aquarium on Tuesday evening last, when he made

442 in his game with J. Dowland. By the way, W. Cook has produced a very useful little book on Billiards, which amateurs and others will find very helpful.

ATHLETICS.—We are likely to have an exciting time in the athletic world when the American champions, Myers and his companions, are among us. They will not arrive in time for our Championship Meeting at Birmingham next month, but special gatherings are being arranged for bringing them and our representative men together.—Another of those senseless six days' and nights' go-as-you-please contests has been concluded in Bingley Hall, Birmingham, when Careless beat seventeen other competitors with a score of 458 miles, Corbett being second with 441.

LACROSSE.—A return match has been played between Radcliffe (Nottingham) and South Manchester, the latter winning by eight goals to four; and London II. has beaten the Southdown Club at Brighton by three goals to one.—We are to have another visit of Lacrosse players from the other side of the "herring-pond."



ENSILAGE.—The new number of the Royal Agricultural Society's *Journal* is just out, and contains Mr. Jenkins' report on ensilage. In this report he says that cattle are very fond of the new fodder, which he calls "silage." He thinks that "enough seems to be known to warrant the prevailing belief that well-made silage is at least as valuable for feeding purposes as the best hay." Mr. Jenkins infers from all that he has seen, both here and abroad, that the new fodder is a valuable addition to the resources of the English farmer, and that it will displace hay at least to some extent. Our own view is that while in bright, dry summers farmers will prefer to make their good grass into hay, in wet seasons the value of the new process can hardly be over-estimated.

SCOTCH AGRICULTURE.—The winter wheat in Scotland looks fresh and healthy, though the east winds have apparently turned the colour a little more to yellow than it was before. The early spring sowings of oats and barley are beginning to show well. Roots on most farms were about exhausted by Easter, especially turnips, but this is not very material, as the bite of grass is by this time good. The later barley is being diligently sown, and on the heavy lands ploughing a second time is going on, but it is very stiff work, the clods not breaking readily as they should in a season where the winter has been dry and sharp. The lambing season goes on well in the Highlands, and has already been very satisfactory in the Lowlands. Prices of sheep, although lower than at this time last year, are still high, and cattle are also selling well.

FARMERS' FRIENDS AND FOES.—There seems to be great difference of opinion as to what birds, animals, and insects are the farmers' friends and what are not. Among the latter, the Rochester Farmers' Club are inclined to place the jackdaw and the wood-pigeon, while friendly sentiments were expressed towards the crow, magpie, and jay. It was asserted that, although they eat fruit and grain, they eat also so many destructive insects as to leave the net result in farmers' favour. Toads, frogs, blindworms, snakes, and ladybirds were all alleged to be farmers' friends, and kind words were spoken for the badger, the weasel, and the hawk. Rochester farmers appear to be a good deal in advance of the main body of their brethren.

DORSET BUTTER.—At a meeting of the Blandford Farmers' Club, held on Saturday night, Mr. George Galpin, a well-known Dorset farmer, said there was likely to be a great falling-off in the demand for Dorset butter in its present form in the London market. For some time past he had sent nearly all his butter there, but on inquiring the price in London, last week, a dealer told him he did not want Dorset butter, as he could not sell it. Now, as Dorset butter had hitherto commanded the highest price in the market, he asked the reason of this statement. The dealer in question then showed him piles of boxes, each containing twelve 2-lb. lumps of foreign butter, very nicely and carefully packed, and explained that retail dealers would readily buy that, as they were sure of having it all alike; whereas, in the Dorset butter, there was a great variation in colour and quality, the produce of no two dairies being alike. If there could be a removal of this variation—an establishment of uniformity—Dorset butter would return to favour; but otherwise the day of the Dorsetshire butter-maker might be regarded as over.

ENGLISH BREEDERS AND GUERNSEY CATTLE.—We wish to remind all of our readers interested in the beautiful animals of the Channel Islands that a meeting will be held on Wednesday, 17th of May, at noon, at the Inns of Court Hotel, for the purpose of taking initial steps towards the formation of a Society, having for its object the improvement and extension of the Guernsey breed, and the institution of a Herd Book, that great means of keeping a breed and breeders together, and of ensuring the purity and perfection of stock.

THE ROYAL DUBLIN SPRING SHOW passed off very successfully this year. It was not held in 1883, owing to the prevalence of foot-and-mouth disease. In the cattle sections the entries were very numerous, embracing 164 Shorthorn bulls, sixteen Shorthorn females, twenty-two Herefords, fifteen Polled Angus, ten Ayrshires, thirty-two Kerrys, fifteen Channel Island cattle, and twenty-six fat cattle. There were thirty entries of swine, eighteen of draught horses, and 489 of poultry and pigeons. The horse section was disappointing, but the high quality of the Shorthorn cattle was a compensation. Of the other breeds the Kerrys were perhaps the best, while the pigeons and poultry were also very good. The principal prize winners were Mr. Lambart, Mr. Meade, Mr. Purdon, Mr. Owen, and Mr. Pierce Mahony.

THE ENORMOUS ASH TREE which Lord Penrhyn has recently had felled at Aber, by reason of its threatening some cottages, may have serious claims to be considered the largest ash tree in the land, though the taking of its measurement at fifteen feet from the ground instead of at five feet, the usual height, prevents exact comparisons. The old ash tree of Logierait was fifty-seven to sixty feet high, according to different accounts, and at three feet from the ground its girth was forty feet when solid. It is now a perfectly hollow trunk. Other fine trees, but of a more moderate size, are Sir Keith Murray's ash at Ochertye, which is twenty feet eight inches in girth, at five feet from the ground, and seventy feet high, the gray ash at Gowrie, seventeen feet in girth, and the Drummond Castle ash, which measures twenty-two feet at one foot from the ground, and fourteen feet eight inches at five feet.

DERBYSHIRE SCENERY has found an enthusiastic defender in Mr. Ruskin, but, as that authority himself concedes, "The question of railways through it is merely one of the promoters having the money to fight the proposal through the House of Commons." The enormous strength of the railway interest in that House is a most serious fact, and it is a melancholy truth that, whereas the 180 Members who represent that interest stand together almost as one man, the whipping-up of 200 Members to outvote them in the interests of Art, of the poor, and of national health and recreation

is a task of enormous difficulty. The places in England which railways leave beyond easy walking distance are now so few in number that with our ever-growing population it is time to consider whether these sequestered spots should not purposely be left sequestered. Unhappily, the hills that Nature has clothed with beauty contain within them certain mineral riches of slate or ore, which Commerce can see its way to a profit over. But cannot the mine owners and the dealers in slate and limestone be bought out? A few wealthy men might easily acquire the threatened districts, nor need they forego all profit. Pastoral industry always remains.

THE ROBIN has been a popular favourite for a period which must be reckoned by centuries, but it has been reserved for a modern naturalist to observe a domestic habit which, as far as we know, is unique. A pet robin built its nest over a pier-glass, where the male and female bird brought into the world four young ones. "But now," as our correspondent truly says, "was the most curious occurrence. After a day or two, the parents of these little hopefuls introduced a third robin, who proceeded immediately to help the other two in their parental duties, even to instructing the little ones in their first infantile flight." It is impossible to discover whether this was some unfortunate, widowed by thoughtless boys of mate and nest, or whether it was an initiation of some youthful robin into the mysteries of baby-feeding, but, be that as it may, we can sympathise with Mr. Schultess-Young when he adds, "I would respectfully suggest that a systematic gentle study of the inner life of these beings who breathe with us the common air may reveal natural depths of knowledge, of which the scientist in his merciless but barren search for the principle that directs this being can never dream."

DOCKING HORSES is a practice which has recently found several defenders among veterinary surgeons, but Mr. Fleming, the President of the Veterinary College, is opposed to it, and, as Mr. Cattermole very truly points out, we are never safe in our improvements on nature by mutilations. At the beginning of this century the nicking and cropping of horses was generally considered an improvement, and elaborate treatises showed the best way to "adorn" a horse by cutting off his ears close to his head, and, after cutting his tail nearly off, fixing the remnant of dock that remained curled upward like an ill-conditioned shaving-brush. And yet an absence of ears is not now considered a charm in a horse, and the shaving-brush has few admirers.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The wheat average is down to 37s. 3d., but this is for English corn. Foreign wheat is about one shilling dearer as compared with the markets before Easter.—Some sales of land in Cheshire recently would appear to show that there is still a yearning toward peasant proprietorship. At all events, the land when put up in a number of small lots "went off," and made thirty-five years' purchase.—It should be noted that stock entries for the Royal Show at Shrewsbury close on the 1st of May. Prize sheets and certificates for stock, cheese, and butter will be forwarded on specific application by Mr. H. M. Jenkins, 12, Hanover Square, the well-known Secretary to the Royal Society.—The Annual Show of the Wharfedale Society will take place at Otley, on the 2nd and 3rd of May.—The Americans are talking of prohibiting the importation of Hereford cattle from England. There is some outcry among the middlemen, but for our part we think an excessive number of our finest stock have already left the country, and the first step should be to increase our own herds, not to export them.—About 350 dozens of Stiltons were pitched at the Melton Mowbray Cheese Fair. The quality was not very mellow, most of it being late-made winter cheese, and although there were several buyers the demand was limited. We heard of one small ripe dairy being sold at 10d., but the average price was 7½d. per pound. There was only one dairy of flat cheese in the fair.—The swallow was seen at Burton on the 10th of April, the sand-martin four days earlier. Both the nightingale and the cuckoo were to be heard at Bedlington, in Surrey, on the 14th April.—The wryneck was observed in Deeping Fen, Lincolnshire, on Easter Sunday.



MR. PARNELL has been figuring as plaintiff in a Dublin Court of Law in a manner rather inconsistent with his agrarian creed. He sued the widow of his land-agent for arrears of rent, under a lease granted by him to her husband. The defence was that the lease had been assigned to another person, who properly was responsible for the rent. Mr. Parnell gained his case, but during the proceedings the singular disclosure was made that the original lease contained covenants binding the tenant not to seek compensation either for disturbance or for improvements.

DORS SUBPENAING A MAGISTRATE disqualify him for taking part in adjudicating on a case in which he is called as a witness, but in which he has no other interest? This was the point raised and discussed in the Queen's Bench Division, on Tuesday, in the matter of the Justices of East Grinstead on complaint against Sir Francis Truscott. Sir Francis Truscott had been proceeded against for encroaching on a highway, and it was part of the complainant's case that East Grinstead is by an old charter a market town. The charter was in the possession of Mr. Tooke, a magistrate of the division, who willingly produced it, though as it happened its production proved to have no bearing on the case, since it was admitted by Sir Francis Truscott that East Grinstead is a market town. This case having been decided, the same complainant brought Sir Francis Truscott again before the Bench for not having sufficiently abated his encroachment, and on this occasion subpoenas were served both for the production of the charter and to appear as a witness, though he knew nothing about the matter, on Mr. Tooke, who as chairman, was, with two other magistrates, to adjudicate on it. After the case came before them, the complainant's counsel withdrew from it because Mr. Tooke declined to leave the Bench in compliance with a request made on the ground that he had been subpoenaed as a witness. Mr. Justice Grove and Mr. Baron Huddleston held that this was a preposterous request, remarking that if it possessed any ground in law a suitor might, by subpoenaing the judge, who was to try it, or for that matter, all the judges, evade any trial of an action.

AT A MEETING of the creditors of Messrs. Parker, of Bedford Row, who have absconded, and whose liabilities amount to more than a million sterling, it was stated that the profit from the legitimate business of the firm has latterly been no less than 15,000l. a year. They had sunk 700,000l. in extraneous speculations, much of it on property at Rausgate and Westgate.

ON TUESDAY there was an adjourned sitting for public examination in the bankruptcy of Thomas, Sons, and Co., the firm of stockbrokers the defalcations of whose managing partner, Blakeway, caused such a sensation in the City not long since. Blakeway has absconded, and the remaining partner, Mr. Thomas, who had no cognisance of his illegitimate transactions, surrendered. The total liabilities expected to rank against the estate are estimated at 712,963l., and the assets at 80,290l. According to a statement furnished by Mr. Thomas, the losses of the firm during the last three years alone through Blakeway's Stock Exchange speculations were known to exceed 600,000l.

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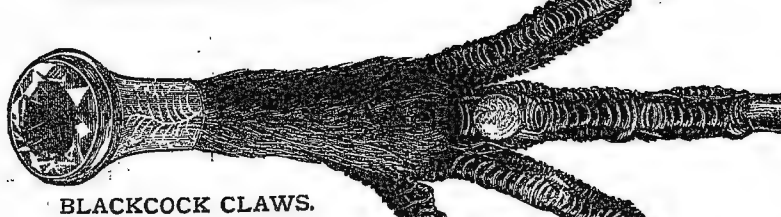
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DOROTHY FORSTER

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM," "THE REVOLT OF MAN," &C., &C., &C.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE FUGITIVE

AFTER he had taken some supper and he was refreshed, Tom began to tell us more.

"Everything," he said, "was discovered—I know not by what treachery. The King, who seems anxious not to offend the House, sent asking permission to arrest six of the members, of whom I was one, so that there was time for warning, and for my own part, whatever the others did, I saddled my horse and rode away, and, I dare say, the messenger after me. But I think he hath not travelled quite so fast, and I may be safe here for one night at least."

He laughed, but uneasily. In his eyes there was the look of a hunted creature, and he started at the least sound. Presently, however, he became so heavy with sleep and weariness that he must needs go to bed, and so, messenger or no messenger, threw himself upon his bed and fell asleep.

We sat up late, thinking how best to hide him: yet not so late but that before five in the morning I was up, expecting no less than to find the messengers at the door. But there was no one. Presently, Tom came, awakened by Mr. Hilyard, and grumbling that he could not have his sleep out. But there was no time to lose, for the village was already stirring.

The garden of the Manor House is separated from the sands only by a field of coarse grass. By crossing this field, which can generally be done without being seen by any of the villagers, one can gain access to the Castle by the old postern. It was thus that we hurried Tom to his first place of concealment—a chamber known to no one but Mr. Hilyard and myself. It is below the level of the inner bailey, but yet not underground, because its window is above the rock, and looks out across the sands and the sea. The chamber was perhaps once used for a place of confinement, though the window is larger than one commonly finds in such gloomy places. It is approached by certain vaults now ruinous and partly fallen in, the entrance to which is itself half hidden by broken stones and briars, so that it looks like a broken hole in the wall. Here we thought he might lie hidden as long as he pleased.

At first Tom was as pleased as a child with a new toy. As soon, however, as he felt himself safe from pursuit, he began to reflect that a cell might be secure but yet uncomfortable. So anxious we were about the main point that we gave no thought to anything else, and considered not the wretchedness of waiting all day long in a stone chamber, whose window has no glass, and where there is neither chair, bed, nor table, nor any convenience at

all for comfort. The conveyance of these things to the chamber without observation or suspicion gave me the first of many lessons in the difficulty of being secret; anybody may easily keep a secret, but no one knows, except those who have unhappily been forced to try, how hard it is to do a thing secretly, so as neither to be seen nor suspected. In a few days, the history of the warrant and Tom's flight might be known even in this remote village: the messengers would certainly come here in search of him: it was, therefore, of vital importance that his presence should be suspected by no one. How, therefore, all that day I conveyed small pieces of furniture to the end of the garden and dropped them over the wall for Mr. Hilyard to pick up and carry them across to the castle; how, with his own hands, that ingenious man, as ready with a carpenter's tools as with a Latin poet, constructed and fitted first a window shutter and afterwards a rude kind of window sash; how he carried blankets, candles, wine, tobacco, and provisions, to the cell need not be related. No one, from the mere fact of seeing us go up to the castle, would have suspected any thing, because it was my daily resort.

At nightfall we carried a goodly supply of supper and whisky to the cell, and there I left Mr. Hilyard, who came not away until Tom was so much fortified by strong drink that he was in a condition not to fear the ghosts of the castle, and was, in fact, already asleep upon the hard bed we had made up for him with blankets and pillows strewn on the stones.

Thus our charge began. As early in the morning as was possible without causing any who saw to ask why, I went to the Castle, carrying breakfast under my cloak. All the morning I sat with Tom. At one o'clock I took him dinner; in the evening Mr. Hilyard brought supper and sat with him.

After a time our prisoner grew peevish, and hard to please. He was anxious to change his quarters, and had it not been for a scare that we had would perhaps have gone off to seek shelter elsewhere. Of this I will speak presently.

He laughed scornfully at Lady Crewe's counsel. It would be safe, he said, for him to surrender when the Prince himself could safely surrender, and not before. There was enough against him to hang a dozen men if hanging was to begin; and he had left all his papers behind to be seized by the officers.

"When the ship is sinking," he said, "a man cares first to get off alive. I knew not when the warrant would arrive, so mounted and rode away without waiting for any one. Why, what matters? If they had not taken my papers, they would have taken some other's."

It was a grave business, indeed; and graver than we looked for

at first, when we thought he was to be arrested only on account of his opinions.

"So it is, however, Dorothy," he said, "and nothing is left but to push on the Prince's interests. Fear not, child. Why, all is ready; the country is with us; the train is laid. Yet a week or two and thou shalt see an explosion will startle all England. Fortune and rank are before us when we have succeeded."

"And if we fail?" Mr. Hilyard muttered with serious face. "Tony," said Tom, "I take that for a most peevish, ill-natured speech. 'If we fail,' he says! Why, do you ask a sailor when he embarks what he will do if the ship be wrecked? or a soldier before a battle how if he be shot? Hark ye, brother—there is one comfort for me if we fail. I risk my neck, but not my estates, for I have none. So talk no more of failure, Tony, if you love me."

Whenever I think of this time, and consider that we were engaged upon so dangerous a piece of work, much I wonder that we carried it through with success. Yet we did, thanks to the extraordinary precautions taken by Mr. Hilyard. For, first, he would have none in the secret at all—no, not even Tom's old companion, Ned Swinburne and Perry Widdrington, though they rode over a dozen times a week for news of their friend.

To them Mr. Hilyard replied that he had good assurance of his Honour's safety, but that until Mr. Forster chose to reveal his whereabouts it would be better for his friends not to inquire. Nor would he suffer any of the people in the village to be informed, nor the maids in the house, saying that these would be the first to be suspected, and, if they were arrested, would certainly, from sheer terror and dread of the whipping-post, tell all they knew. "Pinch a rat," he said, "and he will squeak." As for the additional food required, we both pretended great and uncommon appetite. Mr. Hilyard, for his part generally a small eater, though valiant with a bottle, assumed the guise of a desperate trencherman, comparing himself with the Grand Monarque himself, who was said to devour daily enough to maintain ten ordinary people (I mean not in the rhetorical sense, in which he hath devoured—that is, impoverished—his whole country, but in the literal sense). Then, after nightfall, he would steal out, carrying a great basket laden with next day's provisions, to the chamber in the castle, where Tom would take his supper, and they would talk, drink, and smoke tobacco till the prisoner was sleepy. This we did during the whole of the month of August and half-way through September, Tom all the time expecting every day to hear of a rising over the whole country. No news coming to us, he chafed and wondered by what mischance the project was hindered. I cannot doubt that what Tom told me was

true, and that so many noblemen and gentlemen all over the country should be in the plot, should have given solemn promises, and should be looking for the business to begin, fills me now with amazement that the result was so meagre. Alas! it costs more than promises to make a Rebellion become a Revolution.

As for the scare of which I have spoken, it was caused by the visit of Mr. Ridley, Justice of the Peace, with three or four messengers, armed with a warrant to search for Tom. With him was my father, grave and anxious, my brother Jack, and my half-brother Ralph, now a lad of thirteen or fourteen.

"Dorothy," whispered my father, "surely thou hast not been so foolish as to hide Tom in the Manor House?"

"Nay, sir," I replied, truthfully and aloud. "Tom is not here. Mr. Ridley might like, perhaps, to content himself."

Mr. Ridley told us that he was charged to look for and to arrest Mr. Thomas Forster, the younger; that he had been traced North as far as Newcastle; and that it was believed he had taken refuge in this, his own house. I assured him that he was not there. At first he was for taking my word, but his officers murmured. Therefore he said that he must, with my permission, visit the house. This he did, in a civil and discreet manner, being a gentleman of as old a family as our own, and by no means desirous of finding Tom. They went into all the rooms, one after the other; first my own, with the maids' beside it; Tom's room next, with his bed ready made, but no sign of its having been used, and Mr. Hilyard's last.

Then the officers whispered together again, and, with Mr. Ridley, rode up to the Castle wall, where all dismounted, and went into the ruins, my father and I following.

"I ask not where he is, Dorothy," said my father. "Sure I am that he would tell thee. But is he safe? Mr. Ridley tells me that there is as much against him as against the Duke of Ormond."

"I believe, Sir," I replied, "that he is perfectly safe."

They searched the great keep from top to bottom; they peered down the well; they climbed the broken stairs; they looked into the open and roofless rooms, along the broken walls; and they found nobody. But they did not know of the ruined vaults, where the ground slopes northwards to the postern-gate, nor did they know that in a chamber beneath their feet, looking across the sands, sat at that moment Mr. Forster himself, with Mr. Hilyard, a tankard of ale between them, and each with a pipe in his mouth, as if they had been at White's, in St. James's Street.

Then they went away, and so we were quiet, except for our scare. For my own part I confess that I was pale with terror, and my heart beat, but chiefly on account of the boy Ralph, who still kept running here and there, as if like the foolish and ignorant lad that he was, he wished to discover his brother's hiding-place; and I was ashamed of myself for being so bad an actor, because my cheeks and eyes made it manifest to some that I was in fear, which made them continue the search more narrowly.

"Humph!" said my father at length, when the officers desisted from the search, and left the Castle. "Send me Mr. Hilyard to-morrow morning."

But Mr. Hilyard told him nothing, and so discreetly conducted himself that he left my father in ignorance whether or no he knew where Tom was hidden.

One officer remained in the village. He knew nothing concerning Mr. Hilyard, but thought that if he followed me about he should certainly learn something. Wherefore, I made feigned expeditions, and led him many a pretty dance to Belford, Luckier, Beal, and North Sunderland, and would have taken him farther afield (because he had tender feet), but that my own legs would carry me no farther. While I was thus tramping across the fields, Mr. Hilyard was sitting with the fugitive in his retreat, keeping him cheerful.

And presently the officer went away, too, and we heard that they were looking for Tom in the houses of his friends.

"Let them search everywhere," said Mr. Hilyard. "I fear nothing but his own impatience."

Tom could not, in fact, endure the confinement of his cell; once or twice he broke loose, and I surprised him walking about in the inner court of the Castle by day as if secure that no one would enter; it is irksome for an active man to be kept all day long in a little chamber-half underground. Then he railed at poor Mr. Hilyard for not taking his friends into confidence; for not bringing him more beer; because his food must needs be cold; because he would not sit with him all day long; and was as unreasonable as a child, taking the service and patience of this faithful creature as if it were a thing to which he was entitled. At night, with his punch and his tobacco, he was easier, and told, over and over again, how he became a conspirator; chiefly because he hoped for wealth, and could not bear to think that he was, save for the small inheritance of Etherston, a dependent on the bounty of his aunt. I think that if Lady Crewe had given him some part of the estate which she designed for him it might have been better. Yet who would assure her that this part, too, would not go the same way as it had gone before? After all, it is the way of the county; Tom was not the only Northumberland gentleman who loved a lavish way of life; he was not the only man who cast in his fortunes (after they were ruined) with those of the Prince (which, I now perceive, were desperate) in the hope of winning back all, and more. But if he had owned something he might have been content to wait.

Other news Mr. Hilyard got together; as that Lord Derwentwater remained perfectly quiet: Tom declared that he was never in any conspiracy or plot whatever; his house at Dilston harboured none of the secret messengers; to all appearance he was entirely occupied in the management of his estates, and in the new house which he proposed to build, and, indeed, had already begun, but had no time to finish. I have seen a letter written by him in this very month of August, in which he expressed his earnest prayer for peace and quiet, "of which," he added, "we have had so little as yet." Ah! had this most amiable of men been born in a lowlier station! Could he, without reproach, have spent his life careless of princes and politics, how happy would he have been! Some of us seem especially born for happiness; they evidently desire it both for themselves and for those they love; they are by nature benevolent, generous, active in relieving those who suffer; such an one was my Lord, born to be himself happy and to make others happy.

It was, I remember, on September the 15th, being Friday (a most ominous and unlucky day of the week) that Mr. Hilyard came running home with a face greatly agitated.

"They have begun!" he cried. Then he sat down and looked round him as one who is trying to understand the meaning of things. "They have begun! Alas! It needed not a prophet when the Queen died to foretell the blood which should flow."

"Who have begun, Mr. Hilyard? Tell me—quick!"

"Let us go tell his Honour. He was right; they have begun, and no man can tell the end. It is easy to talk of rebellion; but to play at it—there, indeed. But let us to the Castle and tell his Honour." He sat down and shook his head dolefully.

"What hath been begun?" I repeated.

"The Scots have begun. Four days ago they proclaimed the Prince at Kirk Michael. I have it from the gipsies, some of whom were there and saw it done. They are reported to be already five thousand strong."

This was news indeed. Should we be kept back when the Scots had led the way? Why, in a moment all the things I had heard since I was a child rushed to my brain. The Rising was always to begin in Scotland; it was to be supported by the Highlanders; it was to be followed by Risings in Ireland, the West, the North, and the Midland Counties. The Project was always the same. And

now, after many years, we were to see the great Design carried out. The thing was so great, that to think of it as begun made one's head to reel.

"Yes," said Mr. Hilyard gravely, "his Honour will have his chance at last. It is an Earl's Coronet—promised by the Chief of a House which is famous, as everybody knows, for keeping promises—the gratitude of the Prince on the one side; on the other—what? At the best, flight in France; at the worst—nay, Miss Dorothy, look not so pale. In war, even in civil war, which is fiercer and more sanguinary, there are a thousand chances. What? The Prince may be successful; the army, as they hope, may join him; the sailors, as they desire, may mutiny; the people, as they trust, may love Divine Right more than they fear the fires of Smithfield; they may love the comely face of a young Prince more than they dread the Inquisition. What do I know? Even London—all is possible; all—believe me. Wherefore, courage; we are embarked upon an enterprise full of uncertainty. But courage; all may yet go well, though one may still fear the worst."

With such despondency did Mr. Hilyard receive the news which filled my foolish heart with joy. But he was never a Tory at heart, being so jealous for the Protestant religion, that he could never believe the Church safe under a Catholic King. He went off, therefore, hanging his head, to carry the news to the Castle.

Tom took the news with so much joy, that at first he was for throwing off all concealment, and at once proclaiming the Prince on the steps of Bamborough Castle. Then he would ride about openly and resist the authority of the warrant; or he would take up his residence at the Manor House; or he would enlist as many men as possible, and go across the Border to join the Scots. All these steps Mr. Hilyard combated, pointing out that the pursuit and search after him would be the hotter for the Scotch news; that to resist the warrant would be madness, unless he were assured of his friends' backing; and that no Northumberland men would cross the Border to fight beside the Scots.

"However," said Tom, "one thing I am resolved—I will leave this cursed doghole, and that at once. Where else canst thou stow a man, Tony?"

"Why, indeed," said Mr. Hilyard, "there is no place so snug as this. But, if proper precautions are used, I see not why Farne Island—but that when all else fails—or Blanchland, or there are dry holes up Devilstone Water, or there are the miner's huts at Allendale, or, if the worst comes to the worst, there are the gipsies, who would take your Honour across the Cheviots by a safe path, and so to Lord Mar himself, if you are assured—"

"Assured, man! I am assured of nothing, save that it is my only chance. But first let me talk with some of my friends."

He was so restless that, to keep him quiet, we agreed to ride with him to Blanchland, where he might confer with Lord Derwentwater. We rode by night for greater safety, resting at the house of a friend who shall be nameless—of friends there were plenty—in the day. There was to be one more night journey for me with Tom, but of that I knew not then, and rode beside him proud and joyful that the long suspense was to be ended and the battle fought. The God of War is worshipped, I am sure, with as much faith by women as by men. To me, thinking while we rode silently in the light of the moon upon the open moor or in the black shade of the woods, my heart glowed within me, and it seemed as if we were only doing at last what ought to have been done long ago: since the Right was with us, the Lord was with us.

"Yes," said Mr. Hilyard, when I told him this. "But still I say, happy the man who joins the last, when he is quite sure the Lord is with the Cause and hath proved His favour by manifesting His might. How know we that, if Heaven intends to interfere, the time of interference hath yet arrived?"

Thus it is with men who exhort each other to be strong, to have faith, to rejoice in right and justice, and to make poor women feel certain. Yet, when the time comes, there are so many doubts and hesitations that one looks on in amaze, and asks where faith hath gone.

No messengers had come to Blanchland, nor, we found, was there any knowledge of the business at all. We rested there one night, and the next morning I rose early, and, leaving Tom in this lonely place, rode across the moor with Mr. Hilyard, to Dilston, not without some misgivings of my meeting with the Earl (which were unworthy of him as well as of myself).

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHAT WILL HE DO?

WHEN last I saw Dilston it was in the dead of winter; the woods were bare of leaves, and the dark Devilstone Water poured through its narrow rocky banks in a broad stream; now the rocks were hidden with trees and brambles, alder, wych elm, and rowan, and bright with summer flowers; while, as one stood upon the little bridge, the shrunken water was like a little thread of silver running among great mossy stones.

The courtyard of the Castle was full of people, some old men and women waiting for the doles which were freely given every day; some farmers wanting to have speech with my Lord; some stable-boys, grooms, and men with guns and dogs. As we went up the steps which lead to the Great Hall, he came out himself and met us. "Why, Mr. Hilyard," he said laughing; "my lusty Tony; how goes it with Mr. Forster?" And here I threw back my hood and he recognised me. "Dorothy!" he cried, his kind eyes softening; "my Cousin Dorothy!" he gave me both his hands. "It is four years since we met—and then—you are well and happy, cousin?" "Quite well, my Lord; and as happy as Tom's affairs will let me be."

"Come, let me take you to the Countess."

Happiness makes young mothers beautiful. Who could be more beautiful than the woman who rose to meet me, tossing her little boy in her arms, while his saucy hands pulled and tangled her hair rolled back from her forehead? She was small of stature, and possessed bright eyes, and such a quickness of expression as I have never since seen in any other woman. She looked at me so curiously that I perceived she knew something of what had passed between my Lord and me. Then she made me sit down, took off my hood with her own hands, and gave me a cup of chocolate, begging me to rest after my ride across the moor.

"And where is Tom?" asked the Earl.

"He is now at Blanchland, where he much desires to see your Lordship. You have not learned, perhaps, that the Scots are in arms."

"The Scots have risen?" he cried, with change of colour.

"This is great news indeed."

"The Scots have risen?" cried the Countess, clasping his arm with her little fingers. "This is good news indeed."

"I heard it from some gipsies," said Mr. Hilyard. "There was a hunting party, where the Prince was proclaimed; and they are said to be already many thousands strong. Mr. Forster, on hearing the news, left his hiding-place in the Castle, and hath ridden to Blanchland, where he desires the honour of a conference with your Lordship."

"I will ride over this morning," said the Earl, thoughtfully.

"But Dorothy will stay with me," said his wife; "we will have our conference while you have yours."

He left us. As he rode away with Mr. Hilyard, he met outside the Castle Mr. Errington, of Beaumont, to whom he told the news, and asked for counsel.

"My Lord," said Mr. Errington gravely; "look around you. To whom do all these fair lands belong?"

"Why, truly," he replied smiling; "to me."

"Then, my Lord, do not, I pray you, risk so goodly an inheritance, save at the sure and certain call of honour."

I know not what passed between him and Tom, but I believe that Tom was all for action and the Earl for prudence. Meanwhile we women sat conversing of the children, and of household things, and of my Lord's habits and tastes. By many little touches and hints the Countess let me understand that she had heard of me, and how once her husband loved me, and gave me to understand that she was not jealous of any woman, because she knew that she possessed his whole heart (which was, indeed, the case, yet I hope I should never have given her cause for the least jealousy).

My Lord came back the same day, and after supper we had a long and grave discourse, during which I discovered that my Lord was truly much in love with his wife, and uneasy at the thought of exposing her and her children to the sorrow and unhappiness which would attend a failure; that he now regarded the cause of the Prince as becomes one who hath so great a stake to lose; that the Countess was far more eager than himself (as knowing less of the danger); and that he looked upon the news with distrust and suspicion.

"Let us wait," he said, "for the English people to give their voice. Without the will of the people the Prince can never return."

"It rests," said the Countess, "with the natural leaders of the people to guide them."

My Lord laughed gently. "My dear," he said, "a Catholic in this country cannot be a leader. Let us wait. Now, cousin, tell us of yourself and of the hearts you have broken since you conquered mine, but kindly gave it back to me for future use."

The news of the Scottish rising made the Government more anxious than ever to secure the leaders of the plot in England. Therefore Tom was quickly warned that he must quit Blanchland and seek safety elsewhere. First, he stayed some while at the house of Mr. Patten, the Vicar of Allendale, and next—but it is a tedious task to tell of all his hiding-places; for wherever he went, presently, by some treachery, the messengers in search of him got upon his track, and he had to change his quarters. Mr. John Fenwick, of Bywell, kept him for awhile, and here he would certainly have been caught, but that the messenger stayed half a mile from the house to get the aid of a constable, so that Tom had just time to escape, leaving his bed warm, so to speak. This Mr. Fenwick was expected to have joined the Rising, but hung back, no doubt to his own great satisfaction, when he found how things were going. For this I neither praise nor blame him; on the one hand, a man is right to hesitate when so great a thing as his estate and the fortunes of his children are at stake; on the other, he ought not to raise vain expectations in the minds of his friends. Had all gone out who were expected or had promised, there might have been seen a different ending.

As for me, I remained at Dilston, and for a fortnight more we expected news, but heard little. Mr. Hilyard went backwards and forwards between Newcastle and Hexham, bringing in such intelligence as he could learn. The Scottish rebels, it was certain, numbered twelve thousand men. The Prince was expected daily; they were masters of all Fife, with the seaboard; Colonel Oxbrough, Captain Gascoyne, and Mr. Talbot had arrived at Newcastle to stir up the North, and remind loyal gentlemen of their pledges; the Whigs at Newcastle were bestirring themselves; men were looking at each other and expecting civil war; but London was reported firm for the Protestant Succession, and the Prince and Princess of Wales every day going without fear among the people. And, alas! Lady Crewe, from anxiety for her nephew's safety, had fallen into convulsions, or fits of some other kind, and was lying on her bed grievously ill.

I think it was about the twenty-eighth day of September that Charles Radcliffe brought us the news of the warrant issued against Lord Derwentwater. He rode all the way from London to warn his brother; the messenger charged with the arrest was already at Durham.

"Why?" asked my Lord. "What have I done that they should arrest me?"

"You are the Prince's companion and cousin," replied his brother. "Is not that enough? They think they will strike the Prince by striking you."

"Faith!" said Lord Derwentwater, smiling. "They know not his Highness who think he can be struck through another."

After receiving this disquieting intelligence, my Lord sat for a good while in silence, and we women waited patiently to hear his conclusion. Then he rose, and began to walk up and down the room in grave thought. We sat still with never a word.

"Wife," he said, at last, "hast thou any counsel for thy husband?"

She shook her head at first. But he kissed her tenderly, and bade her speak what was in her mind.

"I know," she said, taking his hand and kissing it, "your great love for your children and your wife. You would not rashly do aught to imperil those you love. This I know full well, and am thankful therefor. But—oh! my Lord—remember the days when we were little at St. Germain's, and you were a page of the Prince, and I, with my schoolfellows, did all that women can—prayed for him daily. Should it be said that Lord Derwentwater, when the chance came to bring the King to his own again, hung back, and left to others the honour? Nay, my Lord—(she threw herself upon his neck)—"I know: it is thy life, as well as thy fortune, that hangs upon this chance. Thy life, oh! my dear Lord! my dear Lord! and mine with it!"

"Sweetheart!"—my Lord folded her tenderly in his arms—"were there a chance, believe me, Derwentwater would be the first. Yet, I doubt—I doubt whether the chance be not a forlorn hope. It is already a fortnight and more since we had tidings of the insurrection, and as yet nothing hath been done, so far as we can tell. Patience, therefore. Let not thy quick woman's wit jump to the conclusion that the business is done before we know if it be well begun."

Then he turned to me and said, with his sweet smile, in which present friendship was combined with the memory of the past, "Fair Dorothy, we have had many talks in the former time over this and other matters, give me thy counsel."

"Oh! my Lord," I said, moved to tears by the sight of this tenderness, "what have I to say which her Ladyship hath not already better said? Yet I pray your Lordship to do nothing rashly, and to think always of your wife and tender children."

And at that moment the nurse opened the door and brought them in—two little creatures with fair curling locks and blue eyes. The elder, who could walk, broke from his nurse's arms and ran across the floor with outstretched hands, crying to his father. The Earl caught him up and kissed him fondly. When he set the boy down again, his eyes were filled with tears.

"My mind," he said, "is made up. I am to be arrested, who have no knowledge of any plot at all. I will surrender."

He looked at his wife; but she cast down her eyes, and he left the room.

"He will surrender!" said Charles. "What, without a blow?"

"He will surrender," said the Countess, "and I, who looked to see him riding gallantly at the head of his regiment!"

I have since that day often considered the case. I think, now, that he was right. For, if he surrendered, it was only one man the less (because he would never force his own people into the service);

and, if he did not surrender, he would have to become, like Tom, a wanderer and fugitive, until he was forced, as Tom was forced, into taking up arms.

But in this, as in everything else, fate was too strong for him. He repaired that same day to the house of Mr. B——n, Justice of the Peace (I repress his name for pity, because his repentance must since surely have been as great as his fault was astonishing). This magistrate, after hearing what his Lordship had to say, refused (illegally) to accept his surrender (whereby he brought my Lord to his death), and persuaded him to return to his own house again. This my Lord did in great heaviness.

"The stars," he said, "in their courses fight against me. All are of one mind. They say my death is sought. They will not suffer me to surrender. What next—ah! Dorothy, what next?"

One thing was certain, that, if he did not surrender and would not be caught, he must go into hiding. And this he did. And for nearly three weeks, the great Earl of Derwentwater became a fugitive, living I know not exactly how or where, but in hiding always. And for us who remained behind there was nothing left but to pray and to hope. If we women were Jacobites before, judge what we were now, when all our hopes depended on success! Charles stayed with us, waiting. He was full of courage and of heart, yet even he confessed that London was strong for the Protestant Succession—but London would come round. As for our armies! They should drive King George's troops before them like cattle; why Lord Mar had with him already twelve thousand men, and still they came flocking in—it did one good, at such a time, to have so gallant and brave a lad as Charles Radcliffe with us.

He knew, as well, that the three secret messengers who usually travelled in the North had arrived at Newcastle, viz.: Mr. John Shafto (who was afterwards shot at Preston); Captain Robert Talbot, a Roman Catholic, formerly in the French service (he was executed for high treason); and Captain John Hunter (hanged at Liverpool). With them were Colonel Oxbrongh, who had served under King James the Second; the two Wogans, Nicolas and Charles; and Mr. James Talbot (who afterwards escaped from Newgate, but being retaken was executed). Other messengers there were, but I forget their names.

I must not forget that one day, when we were talking about other things, I asked him for news of his brother Frank.

He shook his head.

"Frank," he said, "is troubled with a grievous cough, which keeps him much at home. Yet would he have ridden with me North but was prevented."

He then went on to tell me that he was held and bound captive by love, and that with an actress.

"She was in his lodging," he said, "when last I saw Frank, and sprang at me like a tigress when I asked him to come with me. 'He go a-fighting?' she cried. 'Never! for any Prince or King among them all. Go tell my Lord that I have got his brother, and am keeping him safe.' Strange! Frank is bewitched."

I thought no more about the matter at the time, but afterwards I remembered it.

(To be continued)



IN a lively, pleasant way Mr. A. W. Stirling manages to give a great deal more information about North Queensland than one generally gets from books of this kind. Certainly some of the information is of doubtful value. The anxious father, asking: "Shall I send out my son?" won't care to hear that the girls at Brisbane "are exceptionally beautiful, and that they dance like angels;" though it may help him to a decision to learn that in Australian society people are not always striving to wriggle into a higher set, and do not cut their former friends as soon as they themselves have secured an invitation to Government House. Mr. Stirling is strongly in favour of annexing New Guinea, and he rather lets the cat out of the bag when he says the Papuans are wanted for sugar growing. If the Home Government is obdurate, the planters, who can't get Kanakas enough, and whom the "mean whites" hamper by putting an import tax on Chinamen and coolies, will go over to New Guinea, and then "the natives will be the sufferers." That the buggy is the best carriage for bad roads; that "shouting" is a senseless way of getting rid of one's wages; that Australian wine has too strong a flavour; and that it would rather astonish us to hear of Mr. Goschen and Sir W. Harcourt hunting a rat through a churchyard, and then dressing up like ghosts to frighten their cabman, as a pair of Queensland Ministers are described as doing; that "urgent" telegrams at double rates are a wonderful convenience; that a steam-tram is dangerous in a city where drunkenness is not uncommon; and that a small joke goes a long way in places like Charters Towers and Hughenden, are some of the things one learns from Mr. Stirling. One also learns that it is possible to speculate very largely in land without having a 10/- note of one's own; that fortunes are not so easily made now as they were; and that, if you send out your son, it is best to give him a good introduction, but no money, and let him feel that he can come on you for a thousand or two only when he sees a really good chance. We hope Mr. Stirling is wrong in saying the blacks have not the slightest capacity for anything like civilisation. "The Never Never Land" (Sampson Low and Co.), by the way, is "all that lies north or west of Cape Capricorn." The book gives a speaking picture of North Queensland life, especially in the mining districts.

Two large volumes are not at all too much for "Fortunes Made in Business" (Sampson Low and Co.); nor can the history of the Brights, and Gladstones, and Forsters, and Gathorne Hardys, &c., be other than interesting. How Isaac Holden, the collier's boy, son of a little Cumberland lead-worker, hunted from one post to another by religious bigotry; obliged through weak health to give up his place as tutor at Reading (where he accidentally hit upon the making of lucifer matches); settling down apparently for life as a Glasgow dominie; became the millionaire wool-comber of Bradford, Rheims, and Roubaix: is stranger than any romance. Among other stories almost as overpoweringly wonderful, it is refreshing to study a life of quiet, patient labour, and diligent seizing of opportunities, such as that of the self-effacing Mason, who let his tons of steel pens go forth year after year in another's name, and who built and endowed during his lifetime a great Orphanage and a Science College. And yet, seeing that Sir Josiah Mason began as a street cake-eller and then took to cobbling, the element of wonder is certainly not absent from his career. These lives do not tend to make us in love with our Patent Laws. Lister, the utiliser of silk waste, was worried with patents; and there is the great case of "Crossley v. Bright." One life at least, that of Sir H. Bessemer, brings out very strongly the meanness and wrongheadedness of those who measure out the Government red-tape. Of course we have the story of Saltaire, and how the Gledstanes of Leith rose to be the Gladstones of Manchester (William Ewart's defence of his father's slave-driving is full of that "subtlety" to which we have of late grown accustomed), and how the Brights grew rich (the strange fact being brought to the front that John Bright's opposition to the Ten Hours' Bill did not permanently injure his popularity). The Fieldens of Todmorden, by the way, took

the other side most strongly; and they also, during the cotton-famine, kept their workpeople off the Relief Fund, and (stranger still) long resisted the evil habit which then came in of "loading" calico. These volumes contain, in short, the history of some of our chief mercantile families. The compilers have got hold of a number of new facts and anecdotes, which add lightness to what must always be for Englishmen an intensely interesting subject. The pity is that such a work was not better done; for the style of most of the chapters is on a par with the illustrations.

Mr. Albert Bach's lectures on "Musical Education and Voice Culture" (Blackwood) delivered, in Edinburgh, quite deserve to have reached a fourth edition. They include every subject which can be of value to vocalists and teachers of singing, and are followed by an address on musical culture for the middle classes, delivered at the Social Science Congress in 1880. Mr. Bach goes deeply into the anatomy and physiology of the vocal organs, of which he says every teacher of singing ought to know something, though he admits that such studies can never make a great *artiste*. He says much about Helmholtz and his resonators, and in his lecture on the equalisation of the voice he introduced an artificial larynx; nor did he fail to remind his hearers that laryngoscopy was invented by an Edinburgh physician, Dr. Warden. He is very anxious to prove that there are no such things as "head notes," and therefore a cold in the nose, which does not reach the larynx, is no impediment to singing.

The sixth instalment of the Rev. James Stormonth's "Dictionary of the English Language" (Blackwood) brings us halfway through N. We are glad to find that *nazzy* has become a dictionary word, though the derivation from the Gaelic *nabhair* (neighbour) is far-fetched. Is it the fact that any large number of the workers on our earliest railways came from Skye? "Chance-medley" is certainly more than "a mixture made at haphazard." Save for the absence of quotations, this is a very complete dictionary.

We are glad that Miss Hudson's "History of the Jews in Rome, B.C. 160 to A.D. 604" (Hodder and Stoughton), has reached a second edition. Knowing no Greek or Latin, she has been largely indebted to books like Merivale's "Romans Under the Empire" and Milman's "History of the Jews." But her fresh, bright style is her own; and she studied the subject in Rome, and therefore speaks with authority on many little points. Her work begins with the embassy sent to Rome by the Maccabees; sketches the persecutions, in some of which Jews and Christians were alike involved; traces the dispersion after Heliopolis also was closed to Hebrew worshippers; and continues the history to the rise of the Papal power. It does not pretend to scholarship, but it will be useful to those who have no time to read long histories, and are not fitted by education to consult original authorities.

"George Fox and the Early Quakers" (Hodder and Stoughton) is a delightful book. Mr. Bickley has gone not only to Fox's own journal, but to Sewel, Grose, &c., and has also used several hitherto unused MSS. in the library of Devonshire House, Bishopsgate. Fox's strange, weird boyhood is most graphically described; so are his journeyings and imprisonments—quite as severe under the Protectorate as afterwards under Charles II. If the ruler is answerable for the deeds of his subordinates, then Mr. Bickley is wrong in saying "Cromwell cannot be accused of having persecuted the Quakers." The Presbyterians maintained tithes and private patronage, and were quite as bitter against Fox as the Churchmen. His imprisonment at Derby was the work of Commonwealth men; his cruel imprisonment at Launceston was on the order of one of Cromwell's majors; and Major-General Desborough, sent to look into the matter, "left without setting the Friends at liberty." Nothing is more remarkable about Quakerism than its rapid growth; it was (as Mr. Bickley points out) the outcome of Puritan principles carried to their logical conclusion. Mr. Bickley follows the Quakers to Holland, the land of mysticism; and to America, where they were not only persecuted, but mixed up, not altogether to their credit, with the slavery question. His book is full of quaint facts; few of us are aware, for instance, how often the Lord commanded the early Quakers to go naked, and how an endeavour was made to revive the custom as late as 1836.

French prose generally reads much better in the original; but Bourdaloue is so logical, and so full of teaching as well as of unctious, that we do not think his "Eight Sermons for Holy Week and Easter" (Wells Gardner) lose much in Mr. Crowther's translation. We call attention to the remarks (in the first sermon on the Resurrection) on "the duty of appearing as well as of being converted." The length of these sermons will astonish those of us who grumble at twenty minutes; and yet the French Court, frivolous as we deem it, listened to them with rapt attention, and entered into the arguments, which are something that, in this unargumentative age, we are quite unused to.

"M. L. J., in "The Tops of the Mountains" (Remington), reminds us that Assher, son of Shem, not Nimrod, was the builder of Nineveh. He also finds Eden somewhere in the neighbourhood of Tiflis, and hints that "there may be some echo of Ellasar of the children of Eden" in "Lhassa." Scripture-name arguments cannot, we fear, be relied on, despite their ingenuity.

We do trust that Mrs. Warrington Smyth's very timely translation of Madame Viard-Louis's "Music and the Piano" (Griffith and Farran) may impart a little more intelligence into pianoforte playing. Of Madame Louis's "three foes to musical art," we take it "those who think C is always C, whether in Beethoven, Mozart, or Chopin, and who play as one who should read the *Merry Wives* and *Richard III.* in the same voice," are not only far the most numerous, but also the most deadly. To combat these our authoress gives (1) a brief general history of the art of music, (2) sketches of the principal piano composers, (3) advice on style and execution. The second part is full of information (which will be new to most readers) about the early clavecinists, the harmonists who worked under rules, and the melodists who dealt in free music. We leave our readers to discover how Madame Louis proves her thesis that "it was impossible but that a Wagner should be born in our age." The practical part is very useful; indeed, we heartily recommend the book, not only to musical students, but to the general public. The translation is remarkably well done; it is English, and not that French-English which so often takes its place in translated works.



IN his preface to "The New Abelard: a Romance" (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus), Mr. Robert Buchanan announces the purpose of making his leading character, Ambrose Bradley, dramatically resemble, both in his strength and in his weakness, the great Abelard of history. "For this very reason he is described as failing miserably, where a stronger man might never have failed, in grasping the Higher Rationalism as a law for life." In several details, also, Mr. Buchanan has been careful to maintain a biographical parallel. For example, he has a Héloïse, in the person of Alma Craik, who, for her lover's sake, consents to a secret marriage, and dies a nun, after having been broken-hearted by the selfish cowardice of the Reverend Ambrose. The latter, gifted with sensuously artistic tastes, and a fervidly religious temperament, but with only the vaguest purposes, and, unlike his original, with

no logic and scanty brains, begins his heretical career by a quarrel with his Bishop, continues it as an eloquent Christian free-lance, and ends by conversion to personal belief through the sight of an Oberammergau actor in costume. Unquestionably, however much or how little he may resemble the great victim of the great St. Bernard, the Rev. Ambrose Bradley represents a type with which a large number of readers will feel themselves in more or less mental sympathy. He is young-minded, and revels in the delusion that he has discovered how to reconcile all the supposed conflicts between Art, Nature, Philosophy, and Christianity. The appropriate mixture of genuine enthusiasm with unquestioning self-conceit, and of indefinite aspiration with slavery to impulse, is effectively developed; and so would be his willingness to face martyrdom for conscience's and vanity's sake, if Mr. Buchanan were able to make out that the lot of the contemporary heretic were otherwise than enviable, considered from a commercial point of view. All this is interesting enough; the principal weakness of the novel lies in the obscurity of its drift. The book is obviously intended as something much more than a mere piece of portraiture, either of a typical or exceptional personality; but it is easy to find in it almost whatever views any reader may please. We have already said that the attitude assumed by the hero to the Church and the world will win him all the sympathy which is apparently intended to be excited, especially as his opponents are held up to contempt—the Bishop of Darkdale and Dells being as feeble a representative of Pope Innocent as can well be imagined. On the other hand, the abject cowardice, ingratitude, and selfishness of Ambrose Bradley, whenever he can find no support in vanity, renders not only himself but his cause as despicable as anybody may desire to think it. No doubt there are no limits to apparent inconsistency; but then it is the office of fiction to show the real harmony of all seeming discord. This Mr. Buchanan has scarcely attempted; and the work remains as incoherent as it is otherwise able. Perhaps Mr. Buchanan desires his readers to discover his purpose for themselves, and to draw their own conclusions. If so, he has supplied them with plenty of mental exercise, as well as with human and intellectual interest of a high order.

"Meadow Sweet: or, The Wooing of Iphis," a Pastoral, by Edwin Whelpton (3 vols.: Smith, Elder, and Co.), is a thoroughly successful attempt to achieve one of the most difficult of all a novelist's *tour de force*—that of representing the rustic mind as the rustic mind would express itself had it both the inclination and the power. This is an entirely different thing from the most appreciative and accurate description. Mr. Whelpton's characters are the most old-world sort of Lincolnshire farmers and labourers and their families; and he not only reproduces their language, but appears to think in it himself; and, moreover, to think with their brains and see with their eyes, while at the same time comprehending them better than they can comprehend themselves. One result, among others, is a love story without the slightest tinge of conventionality; true to nature, yet not the less true to the peculiarities of those whose romance is unconscious, and who owe nothing of their ways of regarding life to precedent or literary tradition—a more potent influence with the world than it is aware. "Meadow Sweet" is just as true a story as if every incident in it had really happened, and the characters are just as real. A long novel, without an exciting passage, save one at most, without even an end, and almost requiring a glossary for the ordinary reader, is not likely to win wide popularity; but it will inspire its special circle with something like enthusiasm. Farmer Cowlamb, old Mr. Long, and Iphis Cowlamb herself, have a right to a place among the masterpieces of creative portraiture. The novel is certainly much too long, but, as there is no dramatic reason why it should not have been longer, there is even thus some reason for crediting Mr. Whelpton with self-denial in bringing to an end what must have given him the delightful sense of mastery while writing. In many respects "Meadow Sweet" may be regarded as an absolutely new departure in fiction. Passion and sentiment have for so long drifted into grooves, and thus become subjected to rules, that novel readers have well-nigh forgotten to recognise them apart from their accidents, and fail to realise how little books, as a rule, have to do with nature. Some of Mr. Whelpton's finest and most natural strokes will surprise many of his readers as much as Iphis Cowlamb herself would be surprised to find herself an interesting person, or to learn that anything is really of more importance than butter and cream. In his labourers' talk, Mr. Whelpton is happier even than in that of their betters. They are unconscious humourists, just as Iphis is an unconscious heroine. Nevertheless, as we have said, excellent as the novel is, it is not for the taste of all readers—especially of those who do not care to read as slowly as the lives of his rustics move.

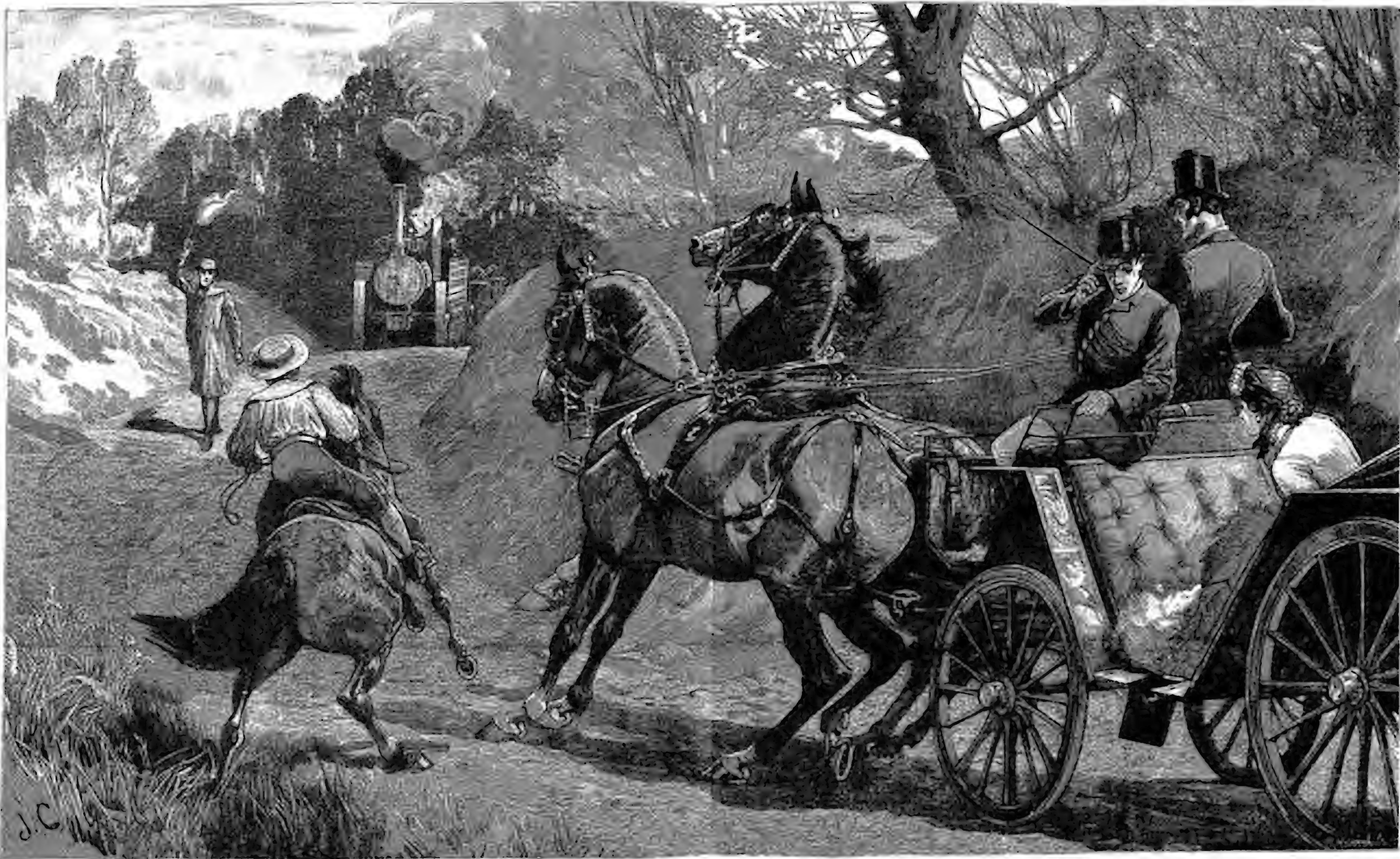
The novels and romances of Anna Eliza Bray, who died at a great age about a year ago, have just been reprinted in six neat volumes (Chapman and Hall). Mrs. Bray was strongest in her West-country stories, which are really valuable on account of the number of fast-vanishing traditions and old customs therein described; and the tourist who wanders in the Dartmoor region will find his appreciation of the wild moorland scenery much sharpened by the perusal of such a work as "Fitz of Fitzford." Such, at least, were our own experiences.

Among other novels and tales lately received, which want of space precludes our noticing at length, are the following:—"Joyful Through Hope," by Blanche A. L. Garvock (1 vol.: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday); "A Castle in Spain," by James De Mille (1 vol.: Chatto and Windus); "Dearforgil, the Princess of Brefney," 2nd edition (Longmans); "The Heir of Aylmer's Court," by M. E. James (3 vols.: Elliot Stock); "Fair Helen," by William Graham (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.); "The Roll Call," by Mrs. Arthur Tristram Jervoise (3 vols.: Remington and Co.); "We Two," by Edna Lyall (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett); "A Friend in Ten Thousand," by Mrs. J. Harcourt (2 vols.: Remington and Co.); "The Hidden Picture," by Carrick F. Brodie (2 vols.: Remington and Co.); "The Wild Warringtons," by Arnold Gray (3 vols.: Tinsley Bros.).

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

ALTHOUGH the work is somewhat juvenile, there is decided promise in "An English Madonna," by James Hinton (Remington); the author has thoroughly grasped the true measure of the sonnet, and his lyrics are graceful and flowing, whilst the pervading sentiment of the poems is, for the most part, healthy and natural. He may, however, be warned against a slight tendency to affected diction—"cosmic" may be a good word, but it was unnecessary to repeat it three times in the same verse. The best pieces in the book are "What Can I Do for Thee?" which originally appeared in the pages of *Time*, and, still better, "I Weeping Said, 'What Is Her Love To This?'" In future editions we advise Mr. Hinton to omit "Resurrection Night" and "The Age's Questionings." The verses may be supposed to be addressed to the very charming young lady whose portrait serves as a frontispiece.

"Deutsche Liebe" (German Love), fragments from the papers of an alien, collected by F. Max-Müller (W. Swan Sonnenschein), though not in the strict sense of the word a poetical work, may fittingly be noticed here, both on account of its essential informing spirit, and of the long verse passages which brighten the prose. It is a pretty though somewhat mystical story of platonic love; the childish recollections are admirably simple and genuine—especially the boy's first interview with the princess; and the sketch of Countess Maria is most pathetic, whilst evading the mawkishness



"TRACTION-ENGINE, MA'AM"

which too often spoils such stories in the German. The little volume has been translated "by G. A. M." from the sixth vernacular edition.

A singular and most unequal book is "The Seven Sagas of Prehistoric Man," by James H. Stoddart (Chatto and Windus). Mr. Stoddart attempts, not altogether without success, to bring before his readers the lives of those early races who are lost in the mists of antiquity, such as the cave dwellers, the men of the neolithic period, the lake dwellers, and others. By far the best are "The Aryan Migration" and "The Burning of the Crannog," which latter is a really striking romantic story, and contains some impressive passages. "The Last Sacrifice" also is not without merit. Of course, such a work must be to a great extent the outcome of pure imagination, but of that faculty the author shows no lack.

A MEMORY OF SAN SEBASTIAN

"I WONDER why Spanish girls are so different from English girls," said a friend of mine to me, one day in Madrid.

Now I do not wonder; it is because they are living in a warmer climate, and are brought up in a different way. The difference does really exist; and it is a great difference, in manner, nature, and appearance. My ideal of a typical English girl has always been a tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed, pink-and-white, beautiful creature, without much symmetry of figure. Now a Spanish beauty is very different. She is less tall, but very elegantly shaped, erect, and full-chested. Her figure, besides surpassing that of the English girl, is developed at an earlier age; a Spanish girl of fifteen is often more developed than an English girl of eighteen. Her hair is abundant, and of a rich dark brown, her eyebrows black, her eyes dark, and made to look still darker by the length of dark fringe which shades them—they are lustrous, passion-speaking eyes. Her complexion is *brun*—speaking of the warm sunny land of her birth; her features are regular, inclining to the Grecian type. The English girl excels in stature and complexion. She is very beautiful, with a tall, graceful, flower-like beauty. Her eye is soft, not splendid; her hair fair, not rich. The coldness of her blue eye, the fairness of the hair, and the delicacy of the complexion exclude the idea of any very deep internal sentiment. Her exterior is indeed indicative of her cool, passionless nature. It is her warm Southern blood, her impulsive Southern nature that kindles the lustre in the Spaniard's dark eyes, making them splendidly beautiful, and giving a look of animation to the whole countenance. Her beauty is luxurious. The formation of the face is beautiful in itself; but the splendour of the eye, the darkness of the features, and the wealth of dark hair crowning the brow, make it a gloriously beautiful face—a face speaking of poetry, passion, and romance. The elegance of her figure too, and the grace of her every movement are perfect. There are two things which English girls ought to be sent to Spain to learn,—how to carry their heads, and how to walk. Of course there are a variety of Spanish girls in size, shape, and complexion; but the one I speak of is what I should call a typical Spanish belle. I beg to say that in my opinion she excels the English type. I have seen many very wonderfully beautiful women in England, and in France too; but the most beautiful face I ever saw was Spanish, and in Spain. It was a face I shall never forget; and I will tell you where I saw it, for the first and last time.

It was July, and I was leaving Madrid, the capital of the land of Pulmonia. I call it the land of Pulmonia, because so many people of Spain die of this fatal disease, which is very closely connected with what I am going to relate. Of course Spain is the land of a great many other things besides pulmonia. Whenever we hear of a death, we most of us feel inclined to ask the cause of the death; I am subject to this inclination; and I do not remember asking many times, here in Spain, what a person died of, without receiving for answer "pulmonia." I had to be in Paris on a certain day, but I started a week beforehand, so as to secure a few days to myself in the French capital. "Be sure to call at San Sebastian; it is just now in the height of the season, and you will not regret having spent a couple of days there," said my Spanish friend, as he saw me to the station at Madrid. Accordingly I did call at San Sebastian; I arrived in the evening, went to bed early, and got up early in the morning, and took a sea-bath.

A pretty place is San Sebastian—not pretty in itself, but prettily situated, overlooking a calm bay. The old narrow streets, the proud escutcheons carved over the great Norman entrances of the principal houses, and the great massive castle towering above the rest of the town, and proudly looking far over the sea, remind one of days long past, when Spain was the land of warriors, chivalry, and romance. In the evening I strolled down towards the beach. The sun was sinking over the sea, changing its waters into gold; the bay was covered with pleasure-boats, the band was playing on the Esplanade, and the well-dressed crowds were parading up and down. I took a seat not far from the band stand, and sat down to enjoy the music and watch the crowd. The evening was calm, and the air balmy and refreshing after the sultry heat of the day. Although I did not know a soul, I enjoyed sitting there, listening to the lively music of the band, and watching the pretty faces, and pretty dresses, and animated conversation of the girls. I had not been sitting there long when a lady and her two daughters, all in black, took seats near me. The girls were going to sit one on each side of their mother, which would have brought one next to me. But the mother herself sat next to me, and made them both sit on the other side of her. I had noticed a similar occurrence once when I was sitting in the Prado, at Madrid, and I thought it was rather a compliment to my lady-killing abilities. The girls smiled to each other at the preciseness of their mother, and it seemed rather to amuse them. "Es guapo" (He is handsome), I heard one of them whisper; to which the other replied, "Parace Ingles" (He looks English). Both girls were handsome, but the one sitting furthest from me was decidedly the handsomer. She was a little taller than her sister, perfect in figure, and dressed all in black. On her head she wore a prettily-figured black mantilla; an abundant fringe of very dark hair was combed down over her brow, while the rest was gathered in a close knot behind. The contour of her face was oval; she had little colour, and her features were regular and Grecian; but the splendour of her dark eyes and the pleasant formation of the mouth relieved her face from that severity which usually accompanies regular features. Her eyes were splendid—so full of expression, of poetry, and passion, that I thought a look of sympathy from such a girl would have been worth a kiss from an English beauty. She was strikingly handsome—so handsome I could scarcely take my eyes from her face. I pushed back my seat a little, and, by pretending to look at the band, I could get a good view of her behind her mother's back. "Surely," I said, "I have never seen a beautiful face before." She caught my eye once or twice, and I felt ashamed of myself. But she did not seem at all annoyed at the boldness of my gaze. She threw back her mantilla so that I could get a good view of her profile, and from her sidelong glances and lively conversation with her sister, I could see that she was conscious of my admiration. Spanish girls are very fond of admiration—all girls are, but Spanish girls especially. The young fellows look at a pretty girl in Spain here, in a manner which we should call bold, and almost insulting, but which is not at all displeasing to the Spanish beauty. When she left the Esplanade, with her mother and sister, I followed her, as young Spanish fellows follow a pretty girl, keeping at a respectful distance behind. As they turned into the entrance of one of the principal

houses in the Calle Santiago, she looked round, probably to see if I was still following. I took off my hat, but I did not know whether she perceived my salute.

Her beautiful face haunted me. I dreamt of her that night, and could think of nothing else all next day. In the evening I saw her again on the Esplanade. I waited till the three sat down, and then I took a seat not far from them. I thought she looked more beautiful than ever. My untiring gaze attracted her attention, and the first time she looked round I took off my hat and bowed; and from the slight colour which suffused her cheek, I knew that she had perceived my salute. I do not know how long I sat there, but it seemed to me no more than five minutes. I was in a pleasant dream, from which I awoke to find myself standing in a great Norman archway in the Calle Santiago, where my beautiful vision had just disappeared from my sight. I thought how foolish I was. Two days before I would have warranted myself proof against Cupid's sharpest arrow; and there I was, really in love at first sight, and I could not help myself for the world. I consoled myself, however, with the thought that it was no ordinary being that had stolen my heart. But how was I to get to speak to her? I could not leave San Sebastian without doing so. There was no chance of an introduction, for I did not know a soul in the town. Under the circumstances, I thought it best to continue as I had begun—in the true Spanish fashion. Accordingly, next morning, I bought some pink paper, and wrote her a dainty little note, the composition of which did not cost me the least trouble, for I was fairly under the influence. I put a dollar into the hand of the servant of No. 44, Calle Santiago, and told her to deliver my note secretly to the taller of her two young mistresses, who, I learnt, was the Señorita Dolores.

There was no band that evening, and at the hour mentioned in my note I was standing under the archway, waiting to see if Dolores would give me a chance of speaking to her. Presently a window opened, and a light graceful figure in black stepped out into the balcony, and, as the moonlight fell upon her face, I could see that it was she whom I wished to see—Dolores. I stepped out of the shadow of the archway, and approaching the balcony, which was about two feet higher than my head, I gave her the formal salutation used when addressing Spanish ladies for the first time. She answered with gracious dignity.

"I was very bold to write to you," I said. "Nothing but my great admiration for you could have made me so bold."

"We are different from English girls," she said, and truly. There is an ease and freedom in the Spaniard's manners and intercourse which does not seem at all to interfere with dignity.

"Yes, you are more beautiful," I answered.

"Do you like Spain?" she asked.

"Yes, I am delighted with it. It is a beautiful land, and the land of handsome women."

"But why do you come to Spain to see handsome women? They talk much of your English beauties."

"They are fair to view, but cold. There is a cold, passive beauty. There is no poetry or passion in their nature. The greatest pleasure beauty can give is to be loved by it. They have no warmth of feeling. I would rather be intensely hated than loved with a languid, lukewarm love."

"You do not speak like an Englishman," she said, smiling at my earnestness.

"I am English; but I think the Spanish sun is thawing the coldness of my Northern nature. I never felt so strongly before I came to San Sebastian. Perhaps I never saw anything to excite my feelings before I came here. I do not think I ever saw a beautiful face till three days ago, when I saw you on the Esplanade."

I stayed in San Sebastian a week, instead of two days, as my friend had recommended me. I need not mention that I saw Dolores every day, and spoke to her. My whole thoughts were absorbed in her. I saw her oftener than she saw me; for, in a small recess a little way down the street, I stood sometimes and watched her, as she sat near the window with her sister. I stayed in the town as long as I could. I was obliged to be in Paris on the Wednesday; but I did not start till Tuesday night, by the eleven o'clock express. An hour before that time I was standing in the Calle Santiago, talking to Dolores. I had told her on the previous evening that I was obliged to go to Paris, but that I should be back in a week.

"Will you still be here when I return?" I asked.

"Yes, we always live in San Sebastian."

"And will you let me come and see you again when I return?" She smiled, and blushed a little.

"If you wish," she answered.

"If I never returned, would you soon forget all about me?"

"But you say you shall return," she replied, avoiding my question.

"I wish I had not to go!" I ejaculated. "Will you give me your flower, as something to remind me of you whilst I am absent?"

"Will you find it so hard to remember me?"

"No, but the sight of the flower which you have worn will intensify the memory."

"It is fading," she said, taking the flower from her dress.

"'Tis not for its own beauty I want it, but for her's who has worn it," I answered, receiving it; and kissing it, I put it in my button-hole.

As I bade her adieu her manner seemed more serious than usual; there was no light gaiety in the tone of her sweet voice as she said "Adios." As I gazed up at her beautiful face, I thought I saw more tenderness there than I had ever seen before; I tried to persuade myself that there was just a little passion in the dark eyes, and I felt happy. As I passed down the long narrow street, light as day, I looked back and saw her still standing in the balcony. I took off my hat. "She is not indifferent to me," I thought. I walked back to my hotel, which overlooked the sea, in a pleasant trance. The time, the place, and the circumstances added to the romance of my feelings. The night was calm and clear, and the stars shone bright and thick. The moon rode high in the sky, casting its silver light over the restless waves of the bay, and beautifying the sea-scape. All was quiet, and nothing was to be heard save the hum of voices of the fishermen, preparing their nets upon the beach. I found the coach awaiting me at the hotel, and drove straight to the station.

I was back in San Sebastian; but my business had detained me in Paris a fortnight—just double the time I had calculated. I wished all business at the bottom of the sea. Why should there be any business in the world? Or, if there were, why should it always be stepping in at the wrong time, frustrating the enjoyment of those feelings which are dearest to our hearts, and interrupting the course of our happiness? I had told Dolores so positively at parting that I should be back in a week. What would she think of me? I remembered the question I had asked her about forgetting me if I never returned. Had she given up all hopes of perhaps seeing me again? I felt convinced, that when we parted, she hoped to see me again. However, the fortnight passed, and I arrived once more at San Sebastian, at 9 P.M. The necessary prolongation of my stay in Paris had annoyed me, and put me in a fretful mood. I had a dread presentiment, too, that something had happened to Dolores, and that all was not well. I had no sooner made my arrangements at the hotel than I set out on foot for the Calle Santiago. I could see light in one of the windows of No. 44, and on the curtain there were shadows of human forms, standing between the light and the window. The dread presentiment grew strong within me, and I seized the

great knocker. The servant answered my summons. I asked if the Señorita Dolores was well.

"She is dying — of pulmonia," she answered.

"Great Heavens! But how of pulmonia, at this time of the year?"

The servant told me that the Señora and the Señoritas had gone to the Esplanade four evenings ago, and that a cold breeze had sprung up whilst they were out. (Changes of temperature are very sudden in the North of Spain.) The Señorita Dolores had complained of chill on returning home, and next day was so ill that the doctor had to be sent for.

"But is she in imminent danger?" I asked.

"They do not expect her to live half an hour."

"Can you conduct me to the room?" I asked, scarcely knowing what I said.

"I cannot; I dare not," answered the servant. "You are a stranger."

I pushed past her and ascended the stairs. I saw light under a door to the left, and opening it, I entered the room. There were lights there, and a crucifix, and a priest; and there was Dolores pale, on a white bed, lying calm and still with closed eyes. Alas! I looked astonished at my sudden, unannounced appearance. I never thought of entering into any explanation as to my presence there. The presence of death drove all thought of worldly ceremony from my mind. All I could think of was that she whom I loved, who was so beautiful, and who I thought loved me, was dying. I saw the sister, who knew of my attentions to Dolores and of my visits to the Calle Santiago, whisper something in the ear of her mother, who turned towards me, withdrawing the handkerchief from her eyes.

"Is your name Enrique?" she asked.

"Yes, señora," I answered. "Has she mentioned it?"

I received a bow of assent. I looked towards the bed where the dying form lay. The face was not much wasted, but the complexion was very pale. The whiteness of the face made the dark eyebrows and eyelashes, and the wealth of dark rich hair lying dishevelled over the pillow, appear still darker. Her beauty was that of another world, and I wondered if there were more beautiful faces in Heaven.

"Is she dead?" I asked in a low voice.

"No," answered the mother through her tears.

"I loved her," I continued. "May I whisper good-bye to her, and remain till the end?" The mother bowed assent. I approached the bed, and, lifting the hand which lay near the dying girl's heart, I kissed it, and whispered, "Good-bye, Dolores." As I did so a small crumpled pink paper fell from the fingers, which I recognised as the note I wrote to her before I had as yet spoken to her. My touch seemed to awaken her; her eyes opened for a moment, and as they rested on me a sweet smile played about her lips, and I heard her whisper ever so lowly, "Enrique." Then the dark lashes fell once more, and she drew a long sigh.

"She is dead," said the doctor, after a short pause.

"She was too beautiful for earth!" I ejaculated.

I have never been to San Sebastian since. It is the most frequented and most fashionable watering-place in Spain. Every year, as the hot summer comes round, the people flock there from Madrid and all parts. But I could not bear to visit the place again. I could not bear to sit again on that Esplanade, listen to the waltz-music of the band, and see the sun set over the sea, or the moon rise above the lofty towers of the great old castle. I fear that the memories it would call up would overwhelm me. Yet in spite of the sadness of the memory, I love to think of that beautiful face,—so beautiful I shall never see its like again; and I love to think that it is now perhaps looking down upon me from a brighter, happier region.

DON



MESSRS. W. J. WILLCOCKS AND CO.—From this firm we have a budget of instrumental music only, which comprises a set of three mazurkas by Anton Dvorák, somewhat difficult, but very brilliant, and well worth the trouble of learning. Chopin's very difficult but beautiful "4me Ballade" (Op. 52), to which it is a treat to listen when well played; No. 6 of a set of "Tonbilder aus dem Grunewald," by Aloys Hennes, is "Gondelfahrt nach Pichelswerder," a simple but elegant pianoforte piece for the drawing-room, for which "Sérénade," "Paraisà Ta Fenêtre!" a transcription by Louis Gregh, is a meet companion.—By the same composer are a very good set of waltzes, "Un Soir d'Automne," and an *air de ballet*, "La Coquette,"—Very good specimens of dance music are "Souvenir Valse," by John North; as bright and pretty a set of waltzes as we have come across for some time past.—"Bonhomie" (Le Petit Vin) Polka, by Leopold de Wenzel; "My Sweetheart," a *danse caprice*, by E. Bogetti; and by the same composer "Reine de Beauté Valse" and "1884 Quadrilles," introducing popular melodies of the day.—Miss Minnie Palmer's Musical Album will please admirers of the *piquante* little American lady. It contains the favourite songs sung by her in the musical comedy *My Sweetheart*, compiled and arranged by E. Bogetti.

MESSRS. J. AND W. CHESTER (Brighton).—Three songs, marked by refinement of words and music, composed by B. Lütgen, are respectively "Autumn," words translated from the German, compass from B below the lines to F on the fifth line; "Call Me Over the Mountains, Love!" a very graceful and flowing melody for a soprano. Very sweet is "May Breezes," a canzonetta, the words translated from the German by Anna Boyd.—Of the same refined school is "A Lost Sonnet," music by A. A. Home, the words translated from the Italian; this charming song is suitable for a tenor voice of medium compass, but with a due amount of taste.—"Broken Vows," as its title would suggest, is a sad record of man's faithlessness, written and composed by F. B. Needham and Leonard Barnes for a soprano voice.—Two good pianoforte pieces for schoolroom study are: "Boadicea," a grand march, and "Golden Days," a gavotte; both are by Farley Newman; the latter is the more attractive of the two.—A brace of pianoforte pieces, duets, which are worthy of unqualified praise, are: "Two Dances in Slavish Style," by Frank J. Sawyer, Mus. Doc., Oxon, and "Guerillas," a *grande marche*, by Henry Logé.—A series of short and pleasing pieces, entitled "Album Leaves," by John Gledhill, will prove suitable for after-dinner performance.

MESSRS. BOOSEY AND CO.—Five meritorious songs for the drawing or concert-room are: "When My Jim Comes Home," a cheerful ditty, written and composed by William Black and Theo. Marzials; "Memories," words by Mary M. Lemon, music by Hope Temple; "Sweet Long Ago," words and music by Gerald M. Lane; "Years and Years," written and composed by Edward Oxenford and A. L. Mora; and "Never To Know," words by Mike Beverley, music by Theo. Marzials.—We were surprised to find that Jules de Sivrai has taken to the air-with-note-rendering-variations style, which we hoped had become obsolete. "Come If You Dare," a very showy piece on old English airs, and "The Sister Isle," a grand fantasia on Irish airs, will please the admirers of that school.

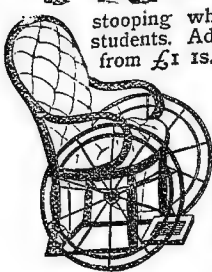
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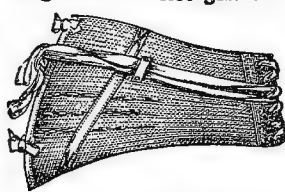
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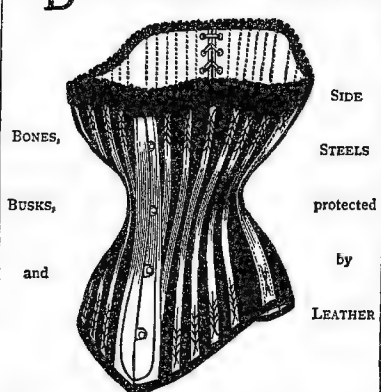


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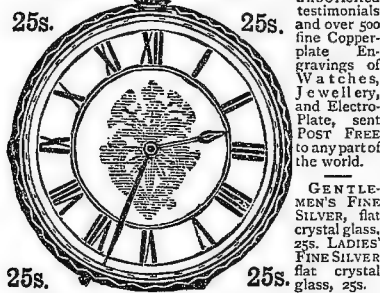
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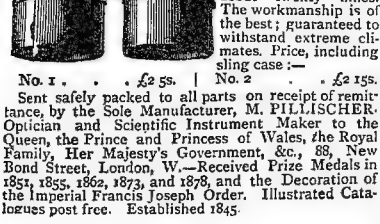
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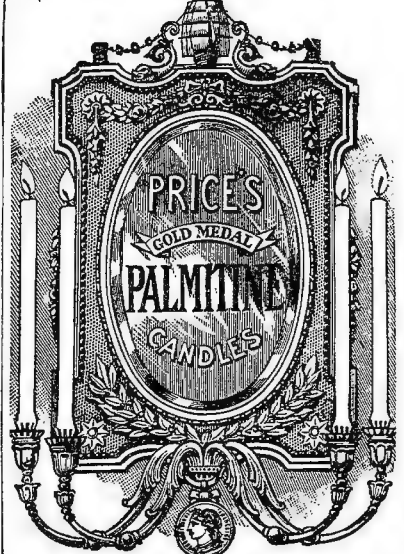
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IN THE LAND OF THE LAPPS:

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY DR. SOPHUS TROMHOLT DURING HIS SOJOURN IN ULTIMA THULE.

HIGH UP TO the North, beyond the Polar Circle, on the borders of the Arctic Ocean, lies the Land of the Lapps. Lapland, or, as the Lapp loves to call his native land, Sameanda, stretches from the barren coast of the Murman province of Russia on the White Sea, in the east, to the frowning bluffs of Finmarken, in Norway, in the west, from the 64th degree of latitude in the south, to the 71st in the north, while the icy waves from the Pole wash its shores the most inhospitable in the Old World.

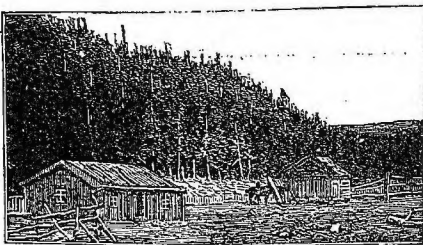
The term Lapland is, however, a mere geographical expression suggested by its inhabitants, as this stretch of land is divided into several provinces with various names. The Russian part of Lapland, within the Duchy of Finland, is thus called Russian or Finnish "Lappmark," i.e., the "Field of the Lapp;" the Swedish part, Swedish "Lappmark;" and the Norwegian, by an anomaly, "Finmarken." The Norwegians do thus by some strange misconception apply the term "Finn" to the Lapp, which is, however, erroneous, as the Finns are the inhabitants of Russian Finland, and belong to the Teutonic race. The entire district now inhabited by the Lapps is estimated at about 130,000 square miles, of which more than half belongs to the Czar, and the rest to King Oscar. As the country extends over half a dozen degrees of latitude, it is naturally varied in character, and, although in general wild and forbidding, can boast of some of the finest contrasts of scenery in the world. Thus in Norway the country assumes the impressive character of a high Alpine landscape. Here mountains covered with snow the greater part of the year alternate with smiling valleys and fertile fields. In Sweden it is distinguished by enormous primeval forests of fir and spruce, while in Russia it culminates in low mountain ranges, some covered with permanent snow and ice, or in deserted and flowerless moorland wastes. The flora of the country varies exceedingly between the coast of Norway and the shores of the Murman province, but the fauna is in general the same, and the bear, the wolf, and the fox may be met with equally throughout Lapland, while the whale, the walrus, and the seal haunt the seas from the North Cape to the Kanin Noss. But everywhere the country is rich in lakes and running waters, which in summer produce millions of mosquitoes, in ferocity and venom fully the match of their Southern kindred.

When the primitive Lapp first invaded the regions which he now inhabits is still a matter of controversy among men of science, as is also the question of whence he came and what was his origin. The dispute as to the origin of the Lapp is just as complicated and interesting as that referring to the Eskimo. We can assume, however, with a certain amount of safety, that the Lapps came originally along the sea border of Siberia, perhaps driven by the same kind of restlessness as some of the tribes in Central Asia have displayed within historical times, invaded Gardariki, or Russia proper, and settled along the deep and mystic fjords of Old Norway. However that may be, there can be no doubt that the



The Roman Catholic Church and Convent in Alten, Norway: The Northernmost Catholic Church and Convent in Europe

Lapps were the earliest settlers in Ultima Thule—perhaps the first human beings who trod the solid mountains of Scandinavia, and made the primeval pine forests ring with their savage shouts, at a period when Caesar was receiving the news of the discovery of Britain. At one time the tribe must have extended far south into Sweden and Norway, but within historical times the great struggle for existence, on the principle of natural selection, between "white" and "coloured," has pushed the remnants northwards to the confines of the Arctic Ocean. Whether the Lapp be of Mongol or Caucasian origin it is difficult to decide, as he seems in appearance to belong to the former, but in physical structure to the latter, and he certainly seems to have as little in common with the Samoyede and the Eskimo as the English and the Irish with each other. Some students, too, have advanced the theory that the Lapp tribe is a only variety of the Tchudes, or Finns.



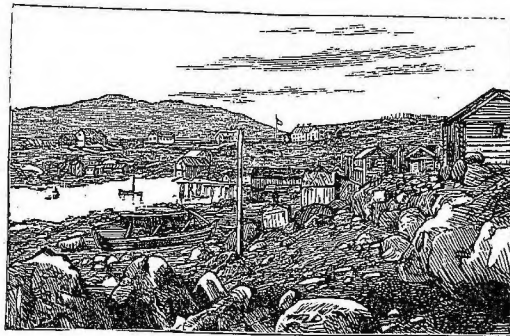
The "Grand Hotel" at Gargia in Alten, Norway

eyelids long and narrow. The cheek-bones are also high, the mouth wide, with ill-defined lips, the beard scanty, while the skin is yellow and dingy—dingier, perhaps, from uncleanness than from natural causes.

With these introductory remarks we will proceed to describe the accompanying illustrations of the people and the scenery of Lapland. These engravings are from photographs taken on the spot by the eminent Norwegian *savant*, Dr. Sophus Tromholt, who sojourned during the winter of 1882-3 in this quarter of the world, for the

purpose of studying the remarkable phenomenon known as the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Light. These pictures, which the light of the sun has delineated beyond the Polar Circle, have kindly been placed at the disposal of *The Graphic* by Dr. Tromholt.

Bossekop, a trading village on the Alten Fjord, is one of those remarkable little settlements at the bottom of a narrow and deep



Bossekop, a Trading Village on the Alten Fjord, Norway

fjord which are characteristic of Norway. The village, which is situated at the foot of the Kongshavn mountain, can, in spite of appearances, boast of surroundings so fertile and luxuriant in the summer that they have been compared to those of the world-famed Norwegian Hardanger, and gained for the district the appellation of "The Italy of the North." The place is only once a week in direct communication with outside civilisation, viz., by the mail steamer which calls here on her road to Hammerfest and Vadsø on the Arctic Ocean. Otherwise it is difficult of approach, either in boat from the sea, or by land on horseback across forest wildernesses and lonely dales.

Here on the shores of Finmarken may also be seen to greater advantage than anywhere else in the world that remarkable celestial display—The Midnight Sun. From the gloomy upland, which faces the Arctic Ocean, and looks straight towards the Pole, the glorious Orb of Day is seen, as it were, floating on the silent waves. The spectator stands upon a bare and lifeless cliff, and his vision ranges along a broken but monotonous headland, enveloped in the rosy light of the mysterious sun. Nothing draws the mind away in the strange hour of midnight—the hour between sleep and waking—from contemplation of the expanse of water and sky, over which the sun holds sway. Many a traveller has sought to paint in words the weird splendour of the scene, when, at midnight, the purple orb hangs above the horizon diffusing over all a rich, yet mysterious glow, which has about it an effect words cannot describe. The light is that of day, but is not day, and all nature seems to sleep as though shrouded in darkness. The impression cannot be communicated, but the mere picture has again and again been delineated for us by enthusiasts, and by nobody better, perhaps, than by Bayard Taylor, who speaks thus:—"Eddies of returning birds gleamed golden in the nocturnal sun, like drifts of beech-leaves in the October air. Far to the north the sun lay in a bed of saffron light, over the clear horizon of the Arctic Ocean. A few bars of dazzling orange clouds floated above me, and, still higher in the sky, where the saffron melted through delicate rose colour into blue, hung like wreaths of vapour, tinted with pearly opaline flushes of pink and golden grey. The sea is a web of pale slate colour, shot through with threads of orange and saffron, the air filled with a soft mysterious glow, and between the headlands stands the midnight sun shining on us with subdued fires, and with the gorgeous colouring of an hour, for which we have no name, since it is neither sunset nor sunrise, but the blended loveliness of both."

But far deeper than any impression made by physical beauty must be that which is due to the thought of the dark sleeping world, out of which the traveller has come to "look through golden vistas into Heaven." This is the idea upon which Carlyle seized when making his Teufelsdröckh stand at the farthest northern limit of the continent. "Silence as of death, for midnight, even in the Arctic latitude, has its character; nothing but the granite cliffs ruddy-tinted, the peaceable gurgle of that slow, heaving Polar Ocean, over which, in the utmost North, the great sun hangs low and lazy, as if he too was slumbering. Yet is his cloud-couch wrought of crimson and cloth of gold, yet does his light stream over the mirror of waters, like a tremendous fire pillar, shooting downwards to the abyss, and hide itself under my feet. In such moments solitude also is invaluable, for who would speak or be looked upon, when behind him lies all Europe and Africa fast asleep except the watchmen, and before him the silent Immensity, and Palace of the Eternal, whereof our sun is but a porch lamp?"

Bossekop can also boast of a scientific reputation, as being the station of the expedition, under Lottin and Bravais, which the French Government despatched in 1838 to Lapland to study the Aurora Borealis, and which during its sojourn resided in the white wooden building on a hill in the centre of the illustration.

In order, however, to realise the summer beauty of the Alten district, a visit should be paid to the Alten River, which here joins the sea, and anything more pleasing and soft, in the way of natural scenery,

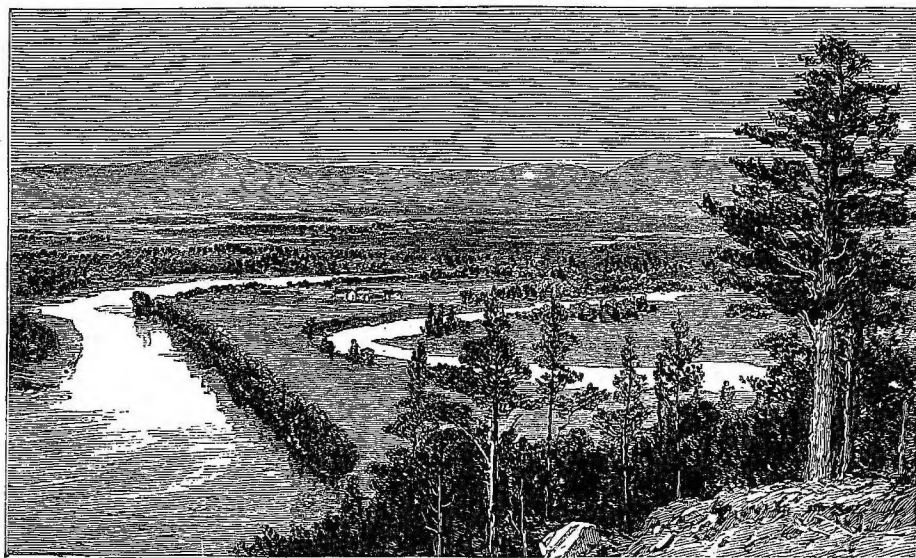
than the view from the Sandfald, where the Alten River, abounding in the finest salmon, winds its way between shores covered with grass and trees, can hardly be realised. This valley is no doubt the best cultivated in Norwegian Lapland, i.e., Finmarken.

The salmon fishing in the river, which is one of the finest in Norway, has for some years been rented by the Duke of Roxburghe, who has generally paid a visit of several weeks' duration to the spot every summer, in the company of the late Duke of Marlborough, and the noble Duke has done more than many a Norwegian river proprietor for the benefit of the fishing, by erecting hatching apparatuses for the breeding of the *salmonide* and by strict preservation.

On the shore the birch, the pine, the alder, and the willow may be found flourishing, while barley and oats, with potatoes, ripen during the long summer days, in fact, the visitor to this oasis might fancy himself in a far more southern latitude. The hills around, like a great many in Finmarken, are of alluvial nature, and bear in many instances traces of the scourings of the advancing ice during the Ice Age.

In Alten is situated the northernmost Catholic church and convent in the world. This station is the remotest blood vessel in the well-organised body of Roman Catholicism. The spacious wooden structure, which is the abode of three Italian priests and a female teacher, was formerly known as the Alten Manor, and was the residence of the Chief Magistrate in the province of Finmarken. In 1855 it was purchased by the Church of Rome, which raised the cross on the central portion, to demonstrate her strength and power even in the snowy wastes of Ultima Thule. The progress of conversion has, however, been exceedingly slow, as both the Norwegians and the Lapps seem perfectly content with the teachings and doctrines of the Protestant Church, and the incense, the floral decorations, and the chants of hymns appear but little to affect these simple-minded children of Nature.

The Norwegian Circumpolar Station at Bossekop has an interest of its own. In the year 1880 leading Arctic scientists in all



View on the Alten River, Norway

countries decided to adopt a plan for International Polar Research, and in 1881 a Congress of Representatives from a number of European countries and the United States assembled in St. Petersburg, under the Presidency of Dr. Wilde, to put this plan into execution. Under this arrangement Russia undertook, between September 1st, 1882,



The Norwegian Circumpolar Observatory at Bossekop, Norway

and the corresponding date in 1883, to maintain an observatory at the mouth of the Lena in Siberia; England chose Fort Rae in Canada, the United States Lady Franklin Bay, the northernmost spot of all. Germany selected Cumberland Sound, Austria Jan Mayen, the "St. Helena" of the Arctic Ocean, Holland Port Dickson, Sweden sent her expedition to Spitzbergen, while Denmark stationed her watch in Greenland, and Finland hers at Sodankylä in the Finnish Lappmark. Norway, situated more advantageously, erected her scientific temple within her own dominions, at Bossekop.

The researches which the members of these expeditions have thus for a whole year prosecuted round the North Pole, and which were brought to a close last autumn, were varied in character, but they consist chiefly in studying the meteorological, terrestrial, and magnetic phenomena of each locality, the combined results of which will, it is believed, greatly advance modern science, and tend to increase our knowledge of the Arctic regions.

The Norwegian station in Bossekop is one from which exceptionally important discoveries in the phenomena of Nature ought to be obtained, as it is situated just in that plane on the globe where scientists have during recent years discovered that the electrical forces of the earth and the atmosphere are greatest, and the Aurora Borealis and the terrestrial magnetism consequently more intense than in any other. As the illustration will show, the astronomical

observatory is situated to the left, the thermometer house on four poles in the centre, while behind will be seen a long hut, nearly covered with earth and moss, for the magnetic researches.

We now take leave of the coast and the smiling Alten, and follow Dr. Tromholt into the interior of the Land of the Lapps. The first



Dr. Tromholt's Auroral Observatory at Koutokæino, Norway

station on our route is the "Grand Hotel," at Gargia, where we have to sleep one night. In the "Hotel," which is merely a rough wooden structure, the accommodation is somewhat limited and not luxurious, and consists in fact of only a couch covered with birch boughs or hay, while the traveller is expected to bring his own viands. Nevertheless, the wretched abode is taken possession of by a tired and hungry wanderer with a sensation of gladness which only the traveller knows who has braved the exhausting discomforts of journeying in Ultima Thule. There are two such "Hotels"—built by the Norwegian Government—on our lonely and wild road, mostly by water, to the Lapp village, Koutokæino, a distance of a hundred miles.

The mosquitoes are a terrible plague to the traveller in Lapland during the summer. These insects, with which the air, when calm, is completely filled, attack human beings in the most ferocious manner. To be protected against their assaults one ought to wear a veil, yellow in colour preferably, sewn in the shape of a bag, and provided with cords. This is then drawn over the hat and head, and tied round the neck. On the hands the traveller should have long, thick gloves, which ought to run up to the middle of the arm, while, in order to ensure rest at night, a tent of white cotton, which the Lapp calls "Raggas," should be carried, and hung over the bed in the form of bed curtains, but which should entirely cover the whole bedstead, and fall in folds on the floor around it. The same tent may also be used for protection during meals, if hung on thin sticks in a similar manner.

Koutokæino, deriving its name from the Lapp word "guovdo-gœidno," half-way, *i.e.*, half-way on the road to Russian Lapland, is the largest Lapp inland town in Finmarken, and is situated close to the frontier between Norway and Russia; it forms one of the "centres of civilisation" in Lapland. It was here in Koutokæino that Dr. Sophus Tromholt was stationed during the winter, where he chiefly devoted himself to the study of the Aurora Borealis. With reference to Dr. Tromholt's Auroral Observatory at Koutokæino, the distinguished *savant* says: "It was my object to study the Aurora Borealis in conjunction with the observatories at Bossekop and Sodankylä, in Finland, in order to solve an important problem, *viz.*, the height of the Aurora Borealis above the crust of the earth. I choose Koutokæino, a sad and lonely spot far beyond the borders of civilisation, as this place offered several advantageous conditions for the purpose in view, as, for instance, a suitable distance and direction from Bossekop, an open horizon, an inland climate, and because it is situated within the plane or zone of the Aurora Borealis (referred to above). The above illustration may give some idea of the scientific temple I have raised here in these desolate tracts, which hitherto have only seen Lapps and reindeer. In the centre stands my most important instrument—a combination of the auroral theodolite and the transit instrument placed on a socket, whereby the aurora is observed. Besides this there is here to be found every instrument and appliance of modern science. Amongst them I place myself, clothed in the smart summer costume of the Lapp, which I have for convenience sake adopted, *viz.*, pointed leather shoes, breeches twisted at the ankles, a blue frock ornamented with yellow and red borders, and, to



A Lapp "Gamme" with Hayrick

crowns it all, on the head a cap, square and cushion-shaped in fashion."

When speaking of the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Light, we do not refer to the dull luminous clouds of this phenomenon generally seen in English latitudes, but rather that marvellous play of liquid fire which is only seen in the Arctic regions. Generally, the Aurora first appears in the North with a faint outline of yellow white light. Quickly it blazes up, and travelling at a pace so rapid that it is impossible to say whether its line of march is vertical or horizontal, it floods the entire heavens, north, south, east, west, with an intense

light, which changes rapidly with all the colours of the rainbow into a thousand fantastic shapes and forms, utterly mocking all description. Sometimes the whole sky is, on a dark winter's night, for hours a bath of fire. Now it blazes up, then subsides, in a manner so sudden that it may be compared to that of the flames of spirits on fire under a passing breath; again it shoots forth under the influence of some passing waves of energy, and in another second the play of colour and form dazzles the optical senses of the observer anew. We may state that the character of this striking phenomenon has within the last year been so far ascertained that it has been demonstrated to be of an electrical nature, and that, in fact, it consists of waves of electricity in the atmosphere of the earth which correspond with those within the earth's crust.

There are resident in Koutokæino only three "white" families, *viz.*, those of the Vicar, the Magistrate, and the "general purveyor." The rest of the resident population is entirely Lappish, and consists of some eighty families all told. A "Gaard," or farm, of the latter is shown in a Lapp farm at Koutokæino, a sumptuous abode compared to the Lapp "Gamme," which is the dwelling of the poorer native. The "Gamme" is merely a hovel in the earth, over which a number of stripped birch boughs have been raised and, meeting at the top, allow an opening for the clearing away of the smoke from the hearth situated just beneath it. The outside is roughly covered with earth and turf. The interior of such a hut, where the occupants—sometimes six to eight in number—are huddled together, may better be imagined than described.

The Lapps in Norway, who now find their living by fishing and shooting or agriculture, are called "Sö," Sea Lapps, or "Bo," Settled Lapps, and number some sixteen thousand. They were once Nomads or Mountain ("Fjeld") Lapps, whom circumstances have compelled to renounce the free and invigorating roaming life on the wastes of Lapland. They are now in appearance and habits very different to the Nomadic Lapp, who still follows the avocation of a reindeer herdsman, and of whom we shall speak



A Primitive Lapp "Gamme" with its Occupants

presently. But, in spite of the disadvantages under which the Settled Lapps labour, they are distinguished by considerable intellectual and moral capacity. They are simple-hearted, hospitable, and more moral than the dwellers in some Norwegian dales. They are all Christians, and their only vice seems to consist in an excessive fondness for spirits and tobacco, which the example generally set by the strong-headed Norwegians and Swedes does little towards discouraging. For these two stimulants the Lapp will part with almost anything he may possess, yea, perhaps, if anybody should be so disposed, with his wife or daughter; and in spite of the regulations enforced by King Oscar's Government, these indulgences are seriously telling on this interesting race.

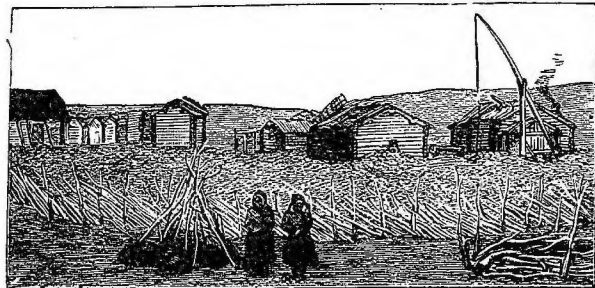
In the illustration of a Lapp "Gamme" may be seen a hayrick. The Lapps are in the habit of drying their hay on sticks, laid on poles horizontally, some five or ten feet from the ground, in order to preserve it from mice and other vermin, and underneath they hang their wearing apparel for preservation.

Our next illustration, "The Church at Koutokæino," is not without interest in spite of its poor appearance, as the few birch trees seen around it are the only trees within a radius of some five-and-twenty miles. Still Koutokæino is, as regards the consolations of the Church, far better off than many another place in Norwegian Lapland. Thus, at the "Laxelv-Kapel" in East-Finmarken divine service is held only once a month, and on these occasions the Vicar has to travel to the chapel five-and-twenty miles by water in a canoe in the summer, and across snowy wastes on a sleigh or in a "Pulk" in winter, as in Lapland there are no roads to speak of. Sometimes wind and weather will interfere sadly with the most excellent of human intentions, and both pastor and flock are disappointed of their mutual union.

In the winter, which in Lapland is reckoned roughly from the middle of November till the beginning of May, all travelling is made by means of reindeer and the "Pulk" or "Kjeris," as the Lapps call it, and a traveller requires for his journey at least five of these, *viz.*, one for himself, one for the luggage and provisions, one for the interpreter and his luggage, one as reserve, and finally, one for the "Vappus," as the Lapp is called who guides the "Raid," *i.e.*, the whole string of reindeer, and "Pulks." Many may, of course, prefer more animals still. Sometimes, too, the traveller has an additional reindeer attached by a leash to the back of the Pulk, which serves

to check the rapid progress down hill, and keeps the conveyance from shooting in front of the animal in the running strings.

There are, perhaps, however, none of our illustrations which gives a better idea of the character of the Lapps and the remarkable advance in civilisation which the subjects of King Oscar have made over those of the Czar than that showing the congregation of Koutokæino on a Sunday morning. The entire native population has, as may be seen, mustered in full force in order to have themselves photographed outside the Temple of Christianity, which a wise and paternal Government has taught them to revere and love instead of their former heathenish "cairn." In the centre of the picture stands the parson, an honest Norwegian clergyman, who is also the teacher in the gratuitous Board School, and who has perhaps renounced a comparatively lucrative and more congenial post in the South in order to teach and lead these children of Nature along the road of civilisation, and this for a worldly remuneration which many a day-labourer in England would scorn as wages. His garb is that of a Norwegian "Pastor," *viz.*, a long black cloak falling to the feet, and buttoned in front, with no colour or ornament, and a highly starched collar made of ruffles laid horizontally around the neck. The costumes of the Lapps vary somewhat according to the colour of the fur, but nearly all the women wear, as may be observed, the little shawl or plaid around their neck and shoulders, the bright



A Lapp Farm at Koutokæino

colours of which, blue, red, and yellow, have a charm of their own in the eyes of a Lapp "beauty."

The interior of the church at Koutokæino is very simple, the seats, altar, &c., being of plain wood, with little ornamentation. The service is held in the Lapp tongue, a language distinct from any of those of Northern Europe, and there is no collection, as no collections are made in Scandinavian churches.

We pass from this illustration to one of quite a different nature, *viz.*, that of a "Lapp Canoe." The boat by which the Lapps are in the summer enabled to penetrate into the heart of their country, or to reach the trading villages on the coast, are in build and shape similar to those of the American Indians, and are navigated in the same manner, *viz.*, partly by a pair of sculls, and partly by a pole in "punting" fashion.

The canoe is propelled up stream by "punting," *i.e.*, by two persons, often women, who, one at each end, move it along with two poles, which they handle, standing upright, with remarkable skill and dexterity; and particularly to be admired is their quickness in shooting the boat down the narrow rapids, in which some of the Lapland rivers abound. In places where the current is weak, and in backwaters, the boat is sculled along by two pairs of oars, the boatmen sitting in the bottom of the canoe, and in this manner the boat is also always navigated down the stream. A rudder is never used on a Lapp canoe.

In these canoes the Lapps speed down the shallow rivers of their country, and even shoot, when necessary, a rapid or a waterfall, and in them they pursue the magnificent salmonids, in the rivers and "träsk" of Lapland. The method in which the Lapp hunts either fish, game, or beast of prey savours, as that of most Continental nations, of poaching; still, a visitor to Lapland may find a Lapp as smart with a home-made rod, line, and fly as the most expert angler on English rivers. The way in which these primitive



The Church (Lutheran) at Koutokæino

people handle a rod and fly, and the success attendant thereon, might excite the admiration of many an English sportsman.

Salmon is one of the staple foods of the Lapp, and it forms, during the winter months, either cured or smoked, one of the commonest articles of food in his household. So does the pike, the perch, and the trout too, and a dozen of salmon averaging some 30 lbs. each may be had by any one in exchange for a bottle of *Aqua vita*, "Akkevit," a kind of corn brandy, and a couple of "screws" of shag tobacco. The richness of the Lapland rivers and lakes in the noblest of freshwater fishes renders sport here almost monotonous.

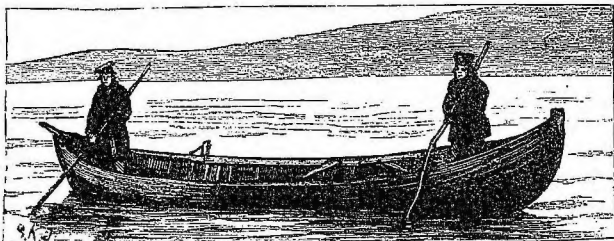
The illustrations, "Lapp Beauties" and a "Lapp Adonis," give us an idea of "Young" Lapland, and the remarkable progress which the younger generation of the Settled Lapps has made in the virtues of civilisation. The Lapp marries, if he can afford it, rather early, and resembles in his feelings concerning love and marriage the North European.

"Mountain Lapps from Koutokæino" shows us the Nomadic

Lapp—the "Fjeld" Lapp—the only remaining tribe of nomads in the Old World—if we except the gipsies. In stature the Nomadic Lapp is like his "Settled" or agricultural brother, but in disposition, and particularly in habits, he differs greatly from the latter. It is but natural that a free, roaming life on the mountains and plains of Lapland should have the effect of creating a man strong in passion and of elastic character, with plenty of that animation which a healthy outdoor life in a cold climate fosters.

The dress, too, of the Nomadic Lapp is more picturesque than that of the Settled one. The whole suit is generally made of grey reindeer skins, with the hair outside, with breeches of the same material, which finish in a kind of leather shoes or sandals, while his head is often ornamented with a conically-shaped, lofty, coloured cap, which gives, particularly to the women, a coquettish appearance. In the summer the wealthier Lapps exchange this heavy garb for a frock, or pelisse, of wool, which reaches to the ankles or is fastened around the waist, according to sex.

The Nomadic Lapp lives with his whole family in a tent of thick woollen stuff or reindeer skin, with the fur outwards, which he pitches in a few minutes wherever the fodder of his reindeer, viz., moss, is to be found. The interior is very simple, the ground from which the snow has been swept being merely covered with dried birch boughs, over which reindeer skins are thrown. In the centre of this limited abode is the hearth, a few rough stones on the ground, and above this a kettle, or "copper," swung from the tent poles. At the top of the tent is an opening which permits the smoke to escape, and at the side another for entrance, both of which may be closed at night.



A Lapp Canoe

The animal on which the Lapp depends for his support is the tamed reindeer. This animal which in everything but spirits resembles its wild cousin, the Lapp has trained and bred as a Dalesman his cattle, and it furnishes him with every necessary and luxury he desires. The flesh and milk of the reindeer provide his staple food, its skin his clothes, while from its sinews he makes threads and reins, from its horns spoons and buttons, and from its little bones needles, and even fish-hooks. From the cow he obtains the milk, an oily nourishing fluid, from which the Lapp makes a cheese, which he uses instead of bread, but which is certainly not very palatable to the cultivated taste of the European. The amount of milk which is obtained is, however, not large, only about a pint daily, but it is considered by the Lapp *gourmand* one of the finest dainties of existence.

Without the reindeer the Lapp would disappear. It is as necessary to his existence as the camel to the Arab, and the dromedary to the Kirghiz. He uses the reindeer as a beast of burden, too, in the winter, when fathom-deep snow covers every hill and dale, and in his "Kjerris," a boat-shaped wooden frame, he journeys



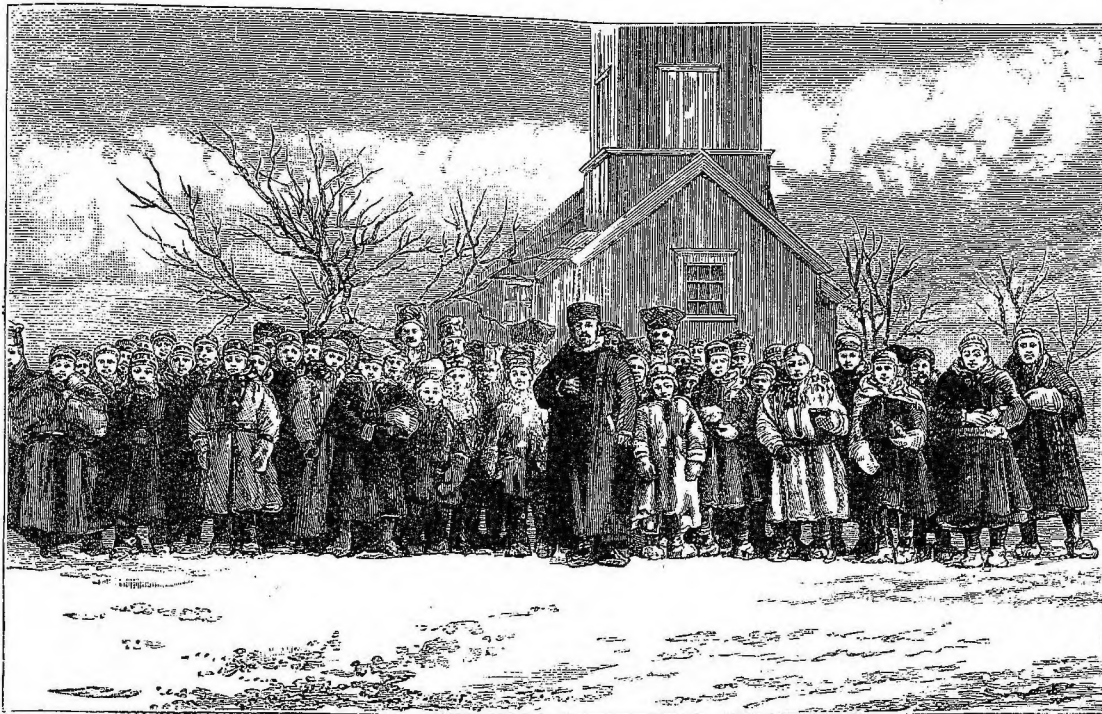
A Lapp Adonis

across the snowy wastes of his land under the flashing rays of the mystic Aurora, at a marvellously rapid pace. The reindeer is hardly ever exhausted, and performs a journey of sixty to a hundred miles with a fair load with the greatest ease in twenty-four hours. With the fodder the Lapp has no trouble, as the animal smells the reindeer moss under the snow, which it gently spades away with its big spoon-shaped horns, or clears with its broad hoofs. A Nomadic Lapp and his family can live fairly well with a herd of 300 to 400 of these remarkable animals, but many a rich Lapp possesses between

1,000 and 2,000 reindeer. The reindeer is always caught with a lasso, which a Lapp handles with great skill, and the herds are guarded when grazing by a small trusty dog, a kind of Pomeranian. These are the only two domestic animals which the Lapp cherishes.

In the early summer the Nomadic Lapp repairs with his herd from the snowy interior of Lapland to the coasts of Norway and Finland,

where the sea breezes temper the air and chase away the gadfly, the terrible persecutor of his deer; but when the leaves on the slopes of Arctic Scandinavia are changing their hue into scarlet, purple, and ochre, and the wind comes moaning from the Pole, he retraces



The Congregation at Koutokæino on a Sunday Morning

his steps into the rocky and desolate interior, where he spends the long, dark, and dreary winter watching to see the rim of the golden sun once more raise its purple segment above the horizon, and chase away the flaming Aurora and the chilly stars, and to herald to him the break of another day, another joyous spring, under the deep blue canopy of his beloved Sameanda!

This interesting tribe is, however, fast disappearing, both on account of the well known tendency which the white man has to drive his coloured brother to the wall, through drink, and by the stern fact that an advanced civilisation does not permit the existence of a free roaming tribe in its immediate vicinity.

At present there are only some few thousand Nomadic Lapps in Europe, of which Norway claims about 1,500, and Sweden and Russia the rest. The exact number is, however, exceedingly difficult to fix, as a great number of so-called Russian Lapps wander at times to the shores of Norway, and at others to the Baltic; while sometimes the Scandinavian Lapp may be found within the dominions of the Czar, according to the supply of moss and the wanderings of the reindeer.

The portrait of Lars Hætta, the first translator of the Bible and the Psalms into Lappish, has a particular interest of its own, on account of the history of the original, which is worthy of narration.

Some thirty years ago, when quite a young man, he was carried away by the same religious fanaticism which at that period caused a violent commotion among the Norwegian Lapps—a movement which culminated in the revolting murder of the magistrate and the merchant at Koutokæino.

Lars Hætta, as one of the murderers, was, along with several others, tried before the High Court of the Realm, convicted, and sentenced to death, which in Norway means decapitation. On account, however, of his youth, and the circumstance that the murder had been the outcome of an intense religious mania, the King's pardon was



Nomad "Mountain" Lapps from Koutokæino

obtained on his behalf, and he was sentenced to penal servitude for life instead. For several years he lingered in the House of Correction in Christiania, but not in idleness or ignorance. He had not been there long before the unusual brightness of his uncultivated mind, his emotional disposition, and his good conduct in general, attracted the attention of the

prison officials, who, with that praiseworthy zeal which distinguishes Norwegian gaol officers, determined to develop the same, and enable the criminal, perhaps, to earn the "gem of life," viz., freedom. First of all he had to be taught to read his own language,

and to write it, and this accomplished, the officials proceeded with their exertions to teach him Norwegian in a manner which deserves the highest commendation, and which should bear magnificent fruits. In a remarkable short space of time he acquired this language, an acquisition which he immediately began to utilise to the good of his race, by translating the "Book of Books" into his native tongue, whereby he became the first renderer of the Gospel into Lappish. Next followed the New Testament, the Psalms, and a number of religious tracts, and in consequence of the merits he had justly earned by this work, the remainder of his sentence was remitted, and Lars Hætta, now a grey-haired man, once more set foot in his native land. Since then his conduct has fully justified this act of grace, and several are the obligations which society owes him. He has been the faithful guide of several scientific expeditions despatched to Lapland, while he has also rendered valuable assistance to the Norwegian staff-officers whose duty it has been to regulate the frontier between the dominions of King Oscar and those of the Czar. Lars Hætta has in addition to such

services edited several books in Lappish, effected various translations, and actions which have raised him to the position of *un homme célèbre* in his native country. As he appears in our illustration, few would suspect that this man was a murderer as well as the translator of the Holy Gospel into Lappish.

As a pendant to this portrait, we have the one of "Gamle" (Old) Johannes Mathiesen, the "paterfamilias" of the Lapp colony of Koutokæino. He, too, played a prominent part in the religious excesses referred to above, but on the side of law and order, and to



Lapp "Beauties"

him it is due that the remaining Norwegian families in Koutokæino were not massacred at the time of the disturbances and that their houses were not fired. Johannes Mathiesen thus did not share the fanatical views of his fellow Lapps, and when he saw the excesses begun by them, he hastened on "Skier," the Lapp snow-shoe, to the nearest town, gathered all its inhabitants, and returned with a respectable force armed with guns, sticks, and weapons of various kinds to Koutokæino, where the Lapps, led by Lars Hætta and others, were torturing those who did not share their religious views in the Vicarage, where they were kept prisoners. A regular battle between the two opposing parties now took place on the snow, during which several were killed and many wounded on both sides, but victory was ultimately on the side of the able general Johannes Mathiesen and law and order.

We now take leave of that part of Lapland which is under the sway of King Oscar, and journey over the frontier into the dominions of Czar Alexander of All the Russias, into Lappmarken, in the Duchy of Finland.

The first object the Norwegian *savant* has portrayed here is the Church of Hætta, the northernmost Lutheran church in the Russian Empire. The church, which is, as may be observed, in winter costume, has been built picturesquely on an eminence facing the rising sun, and although of wood, is extremely pleasing in its appearance, and is welcomed by the traveller in these lonely tracts as the landmark of civilisation. Around it a few stones in the deep snow reveal the last resting-place of the people who claim Lapland as their native country, while the two solitary firs at each end tell a chilling tale of northern blasts and Arctic winters.

The Hotel at Hætta, or as it is called in Finnish, Enoutekis, gives an idea of what a "first-class" hotel can offer in Lapland in the way of accommodation and comfort. Nevertheless this lonely hut is at times entered by the traveller, who in his "Pulk" has weathered the terrible snowstorms of Lapland, with a sense of gratification which the imagination can hardly realise.

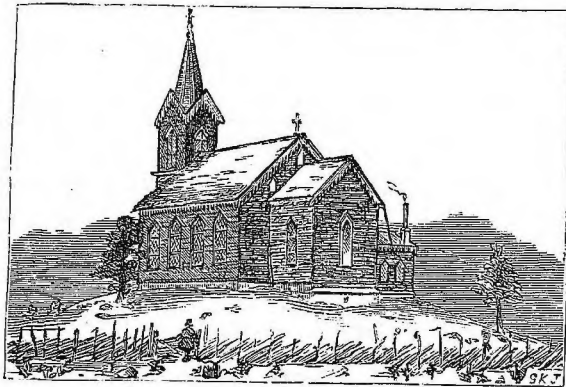
Here may be seen on the ground, besides sleighs and "Pulks," the "Ski," viz., long, smooth ribs of wood, with a strap for

the foot in the centre, on which the Lapp, when snow covers the ground, runs from valley to valley, and from one mountain ridge to another, with a speed which sometimes rivals a fast train. To the use of the "Ski" the Lapp is trained from the moment he is able to walk, and whether on one or



Lars Hætta, the First Translator of the Bible and the Psalms into Lappish

two, whether guarding his reindeer herd, or pursuing the arch-enemy of his race, the wolf, there is no tribesman on earth who is more at ease than he on these implements of locomotion. "A Solitary Abode of Man in Ultima Thule" shows us one of these scattered huts of the people who inhabit this corner of the world, and which break on the traveller with a sense



The Church (Lutheran) at Hætta, Finland: The Northernmost Lutheran Church in the Empire of the Czar

of relief in these lonely wastes. Situated almost in the heart of a mile-wide forest, these abodes furnish a poor place of subsistence for a few half-starved Finns, who attempt to fight rigid Nature in a spot where even barley does not ripen, and oats



One of the Solitary Abodes of Man in Finland

are often blasted by the chilly polar wind before the husbandman has contemplated the grinding of his scythe.

With the picture of "The Posting-Station at Puolodaibal" we have reached the furthest limit of Dr. Tromholt's journey in the Land of the Lapps, and there remains only one important question in connection with this subject to be dealt with, viz., What is to be done for the saving of the last remnant of our European nomads from extirpation?

During recent years it has been found that this interesting little tribe is, as observed above, gradually disappearing, and that the time may even be calculated when it will either become extinct, or be absorbed in the Scandinavian race. Various have the suggestions been to solve this problem, the most natural of which seems to be the panacea of the oppressed—emigration. Greenland is the land pointed to as offering a paradise for the Lapps of the future, who now, no doubt, undergo a chequered existence in Scandinavia, worried and oppressed by the laws and regulations of advancing civilisation.

The idea of colonising Greenland by Lapps is, however, not an entirely new one. We find that it was suggested in a Royal Rescript from Copenhagen, as far back as 1742, when Norway belonged to Denmark, but no transfer of Lapps was, however, then made for some reason or another. The idea is nevertheless neither fantastic nor absurd. There are, in fact, several arguments in favour of this interesting proposal.

The colonisation should be made, not with "Sea," but with "Mountain" Lapps, who live, we know, entirely on their reindeer. Where the

reindeer exists and thrives the Mountain Lapp can live and thrive too, whether in Finmarken, Siberia, Spitzbergen, or Greenland. Where the reindeer wanders the Lapp follows, whether over terrible mountains, undulating glaciers, or the most dangerous ice-fields. There is really not a spot which the reindeer can reach to which the Lapp cannot follow. The animal furnishes his clothing, shoes, dwelling, food, and means of transport, and is, in fact, what the seal is to the Greenlanders. But there is this great difference between the two, that the one lives on tame animals, which he has under care and control, while the other sustains life by hunting wild ones. The Lapp has already attained the first step on the ladder of civilisation: he understands how to save, he understands how to economise with his herd, so that it goes on increasing; he understands how to collect stores in the proper season, so that they last him all the year round. This is, however, not the case with the Greenlanders, i.e., the Eskimo. He has not reached the first step; he lives for to-day only, without the least thought of to-morrow. When the chase has favoured him he revels in food to such an extent that when the reverse is the case he consumes as food his own leather breeches. This difference between the two races is all important. It will enable a colony of Lapps to exist sumptuously in certain parts of Greenland suited to the breeding of reindeer, where the Eskimo would starve.

There are now, as stated above, not more than about 1,500 "Mountain" Lapps in Norway, but of "Sea," i.e., Settled Lapps, more than 15,000. The former must possess about 65,000 reindeer. In Sweden the number of Mountain Lapps is greater, and their reindeer about 200,000. If a family has 300 reindeer, it can live on them, and if a man has from 500 to 1,000, he is considered rich. Their greatest enemy is the wolf, which in one night alone can reduce a man to poverty. In the summer, on the other hand, they get into quarrels with the Settled Lapps, as to their respective rights. Still, whatever measures be taken, the Mountain Lapps will continue to have a bad time of it, as the Settled population increases, and grazings are less and less left for the herds of the nomads. The Lapps have, therefore, no bright future before them, particularly in Norwegian Finmarken, being now prohibited from crossing the Russian frontier. In consequence of this both the Lapps and the reindeer have decreased terribly during the last few years, while the moss-grazings have suffered enormously. One may thus now wander across the Finmarken mountains fifty to a hundred miles without discovering a patch of fresh moss-grazing as large as a hand. Every inch is eaten off.

Is there, then, no country where this peculiar race, which is at last driven back to the shores of the Arctic Ocean, can find a new home? Yes; there exists a land to which they might resort with great advantage—a land large enough for ten times as many Lapps as there are in Sweden and Norway together; a land which never can be of any agricultural value, where herds of reindeer may live by the thousand; and this land is Greenland. Let us compare the two. The area of Finmarken is 1,860 square miles, of which a third offers grazing for some 70,000 reindeer, while the west coast of Greenland alone is a thousand miles long, and the total area of the country, although the interior may possibly be a mass of ice, is far larger than the whole of Scandinavia. The Disco Island alone is 600 square miles, and as there exist here considerable quantities of wild reindeer, it should be suited also to the existence of tame ones. There are, besides this, a number of smaller islands and peninsulas along the coast, where the wild reindeer is found in great numbers, which would also suit the tame animals; and where the tame reindeer can exist the Lapp can live excellently.

The population of Greenland is about 10,000, of whom a few are Danish, but most of them are Eskimos, living by shooting and fishing. In the last few years the wild reindeer have greatly decreased, owing to the natives having obtained better weapons, and in a few years the animals will no doubt be extirpated if they are not tamed, and thus taken care of. This the Eskimos has hitherto been unable to learn. It was at one time also the case with the Lapps in Norway, as long as there were plenty of wild animals; but as these decreased the Lapps took to taming and preserving them, and thus saved themselves from destruction. The Lapps learnt this from the Norwegians, as is shown by the circumstance that the former have adopted the Norwegian word "tæmme," in their vocabulary for this art. Perhaps the Eskimos could learn it from the Lapps, if a few of the latter were brought to Greenland, and showed what advantages the system would bring them. The reindeer industry is often very remunerative, and a herd may, although exposed to attacks of wolves, be yearly sold or slaughtered to the extent of 40 per cent., and still increase. For every hundred animals there are only two or three stallions; and, if a man has 300 animals, he may yearly slaughter 100 to 120. For the maintenance of a family one animal is required per week, or at most sixty per year; the rest may be sold at from 10s. to 15s. each, at an aggregate value of about 50% per year, with which the owner may then buy other necessities. If a man has 1,000 animals, which he soon would get together in Greenland, he could sell yearly at the least 200, returning thus some 200% a year, which would presently make him a rich man, as the Lapp understands how to keep both goods and coin, and now even appreciates the advantages of investing on interest instead of, as formerly, burying his money in the earth.

Greenland would be a kind of earthly Eden to the Lapps. None of his worst enemies are found there. In Sweden and Norway he has three—viz., the wolf in the winter, the farmer in the summer, and strong drink all through the year. The wolf does not exist in Greenland, nor other dangerous beasts of prey, while farmers or settled agriculturists are very few. His reindeer may graze there without compensation for destroyed fields. And spirits are there an article of monopoly, so that the consumption might be easily checked. This latter circumstance would, however, not be an inducement to him to emigrate, as the Lapp is exceedingly fond of strong drink. Still, the tale that there was a land beyond the sea where there were no wolves, no farmers, and grazing in abundance for thousands of reindeer, would no doubt spread like wildfire from tent to tent among the Lapps, and be received with enthusiasm. The Lapp would also with advantage take up other pursuits in Greenland better than the Eskimo. He is, for instance, a first-rate fisherman and curer. Thus he participates with the Norwegians and the Finns in the great sea-fisheries in Lofodden, and he knows how to prepare fish for his own use as well as by the Norwegian method. He is, besides, a smart sailor; and many a Lapp now "furrows the seas" in the Arctic ocean. The Lapps build their own boats, particularly those used on lakes and rivers. They make their own fishing-nets for catching salmon and trout. The Mountain Lapp is also a daring hunter, and is not the least afraid of attacking Bruin, or "grand-pa," as he calls him; while he can snare a ptarmigan as well as any Norwegian. There is, therefore, no doubt that the animal riches of both sea and land in Greenland would be turned to excellent advantage. In fact, it appears as if a nomadic life with herds of reindeer would be more suitable in Greenland than in Scandinavia.

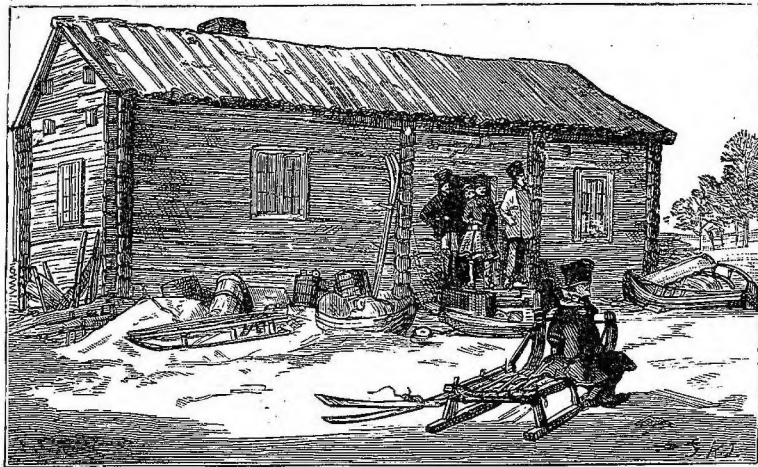
The climate in Greenland is not more severe than in Scandinavia,

where the thermometer often sinks to 40° below the zero of Fahrenheit. The mean temperature of South Greenland, which reaches down to the 64th deg. lat., is also higher than that of



"Old" Johannes Mathiesen, the "Father" of the Lapps at Koutokæino

North Scandinavia. On the other hand, the Lapps understand how to dress themselves more warmly in their sheep and reindeer skins than the Eskimos in those of the seal.



The "Grand Hotel" at Hætta in Winter

It should not be difficult to persuade a few Lapp families, perhaps newly-married, to try the experiment of colonisation. It ought to be an easy matter to transfer a herd of some hundred reindeer from Scandinavia to Greenland, and if given a suitable spot on the coast they would increase rapidly, while the Lapps could for the first few years live entirely upon the wild reindeer.

There are, besides, several questions of geographical and scientific interest still to be solved in connection with Greenland, as, although



The Posting-Station, Puolodaibal, Finland, in Winter Costume

Nordenskjöld in his excursion into the interior last year succeeded in reaching about ninety miles inland, and the two Lapps in his train about one hundred and fifty miles further, it was but a cursory survey of the country, and leaves, as the gallant explorer himself states, vast problems of great scientific interest still unsolved. Greenland, being beyond doubt one of the most important Arctic countries for the advance of modern science, will, we may assume, become in the future a tempting field for the ambition of Polar voyagers, and who could become more useful to the same in their explorations than the intelligent and observant nomadic Lapp, to whom the land, geographically at all events, after a few years' sojourn would have few secrets to reveal? This assertion is fully corroborated by the Nordenskjöld Expedition, under which the two Swedish Lapps, whom he had brought with him from Jockmock, in Swedish Lapland, in three days traversed—on the "Ski," or snow "runners," described above—a distance nearly twice that which Nordenskjöld and his party were able to cover in a fortnight. Neither should the failure of Nordenskjöld in finding in Greenland a fertile country inland affect this suggestion, as the long coast-land, some hundred miles in width, and the innumerable islands along the coast are the tracts which would become the future home of the Lapp. And if it be a fact, as the natives state, that the wild reindeer in Greenland in the late autumn disappear from the coast, and wander by unknown roads to the interior, whence they again return in the spring, this problem too would certainly soon be solved if there was in Greenland a colony of Lapps. Should the reindeer thus migrate in the autumn to the interior, the Lapps would follow, even if the road should lie over endless glaciers and snowfields. Should this be a matter capable of being accomplished, one of the most remarkable and interesting races of the Old World would be saved from extirpation, while problems of geographical and scientific importance would ere long be solved.

In taking leave of the Land of the Lapps it is with the hope that we may soon have the opportunity of receiving Dr. Sophus Tromholt's personal narrative of his sojourn in Ultima Thule, viz., his work, "Under the Rays of the Aurora Borealis." CARL SIEWERS